

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

January 1, 1951

Ten Cents

**BLAIR FRASER VISITS
CANADIANS IN KOREA**

The man who makes the Queen's dresses

What's Happening to Your Dollar?

Bruce Hutchison Looks at Inflation





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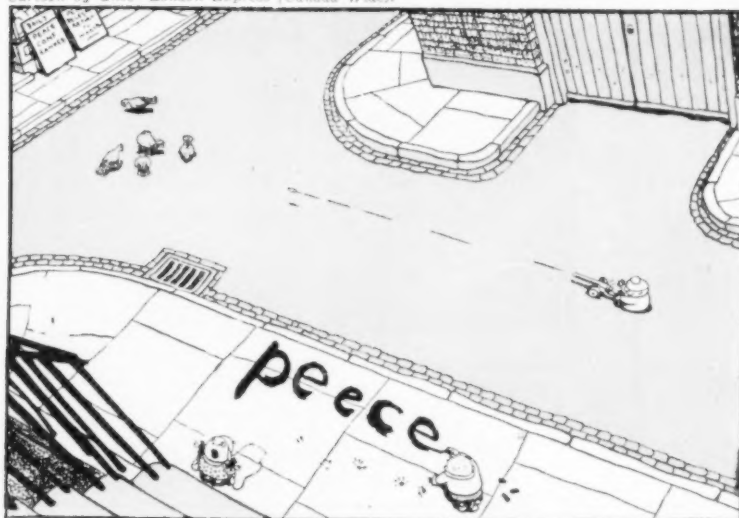


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EDITORIAL

Cartoon by Giles—London Express (Canada Wide).



"Mum! Cyril's wrote a wicked word."

Do We Need A New Word For Peace?

A FEW WEEKS ago the Social Service Council of the Church of England in Canada ran head on into one of the most lunatic and ominous paradoxes of our times. The council wished to say something favorable and effective about peace. It found the task too great. "Anybody who is in any way connected with peace is branded a Communist," one of the council's members pointed out, and the council decided to say nothing.

The engulfment of words is an old and time-tested means toward the engulfment of nations. The Communists have not been the first to put it to use but they have been among the most successful. For much of their success they themselves are entitled to full credit. It took imagination of the highest order to conceive the semantic miracle in which peace means war and war means peace. It took tenacity of the highest order to sell the proposition to the hundreds of millions of people who have bought it lock, stock and barrel and to the millions of others who are willing to let it go by default through their sheer helpless bewilderment.

Just the same, we believe the Communists' gradual engulfment of the word peace is a disaster that we who are opposed to the Communists should have prevented and still have a chance to remedy. There are two things we might do. We might try latching back onto the word ourselves

and putting it to work on our side again. Or we might issue a formal proclamation announcing the word has become so debauched and corrupted that we want no more part of it.

If we took the latter course we'd have to find some new word for peace. Probably we'd need at least two new words—one meaning peace in the pure, pacific sense, another meaning peace in the modern, practical you-slough-me-and-I'll-slough-you right-back sense. The new words we suggest are:

Pleace: An attitude of non-belligerency inviting acts of belligerency. (A compound of please and peace.)

Poleace: An attitude of belligerency inviting acts of non-belligerency. (Derived from police and you know what.)

Our personal inclination would be to dig in with what we have and try to hold the line. We still think it's too early to give up on a word as old and good as this one. We still think that, no matter how seedy, tarnished and mixed-up it has become amid the company it's been keeping lately, peace is a word that no brave or honorable man need ever be ashamed to use. If the reality of peace is worth fighting for—and we believe it is—the word itself is worth fighting for too.

We're willing to start the ball rolling. This magazine is in favor of peace. We said it and we're glad.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Ralph Allen Editor
John Clare Managing Editor
Blair Fraser Ottawa Editor
Assistant Editors: Pierre Berton, Articles; Gene Alliman, Art; W. O. Mitchell, Fiction; Leslie F. Hannon, Herb Manning, Copy and Production; N. O. Bonisteel, Photos; Eva-Lis Wuorio, Gerald Anglin, Sidney Katz, Assignments; Barbara Moon, Research.

Douglas M. Gowdy Business Manager
Hall Linton Advertising Manager
G. V. Loughton Circulation Director
H. Napier Moore, Editorial Director, Maclean-Hunter

CONTENTS

Vol. 64 JANUARY 1, 1951 No. 1

Cover: Painted by Rex Woods

Articles

ARE WE HEADING FOR A 20-CENT DOLLAR?	5
Bruce Hutchison	
HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR BUCK.	6
Sidney Margolis	
WIN OR LOSE, THE RUSSIANS MAY GET KOREA.	8
Blair Fraser	
IT'S A TOUGH TIME TO BE A KID. Part Two.	10
Sidney Katz	
THE GENIUS WE LAUGHED AT. J. K. Nesbitt ..	12
LOOK OUT, HERE COMES THE SERGEANT.	14
MAJOR, McKenzie Porter	
THE MOVIES OF 1950. Clyde Gilmour	18
HE MAKES THE QUEEN'S DRESSES. Ian McKenzie	20
I TAKE JAY EARS OFF AT NIGHT.	23
By Norris Hodgins as told to Robert Thomas Allen	
HOW TO BREAK EVEN ON CHRISTMAS.	26
John Lorge	

Fiction

A LETTER FROM A GIRL CALLED ELSIE.	16
John Watson, Maclean's Fiction Contest, Honorable Mention	

Special Departments

EDITORIALS	1
LONDON LETTER: TIARAS IN THE MORNING.	2
Beverley Baxter	
BACKSTAGE IN KOREA. Blair Fraser	3
QUIZ: WHAT DO YOU REMEMBER OF 1950? ..	25
IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE	27
MAILBAG	47
PARADE	48

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How COLDS and SORE THROATS start

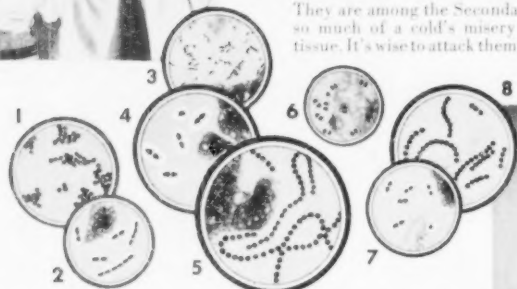


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LONDON LETTER by Beverley Baxter



Baxter got into the parade and felt the weight of greatness.

TIARAS IN THE MORNING

SHAKESPEARE, who left almost nothing unsaid, declared that some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them. After the experiences of this morning I can modestly claim that whether or not I was born to greatness I have at last had it thrust upon me.

Let it be known then that today at 11 o'clock the King (accompanied by the Queen) opened Parliament in the Chamber of the House of Lords which was graciously returned by the M.P.s to the peers as we now have a house of our own. M.P.s were informed that they should be at Westminster by 9.30 if they wanted to attend the opening.

Having seen the spectacle many times I decided to give it a miss, but as the morning wore on the old lure began to work. I looked at my watch and found that it was half past ten. There would just be time to motor to Westminster before the royal procession set forth from the Palace.

Alas for the plans of mice and men! At Hyde Park Corner no traffic was allowed through the Arch at Constitution Hill. The route from Hyde Park Corner to Westminster was out of bounds to all vehicles. But is there not a law in Britain that no one must impede an M.P. from reaching the House of Commons? There is indeed. Therefore with more hope than confidence I pointed to the House of Commons badge on my car and asked the policeman what he intended to do about it.

"Very well," he said. Thus I passed under the Arch and drove slowly down the empty road that leads to Buckingham Palace. At the bottom I could see the Guards and a great mass of people, and there was the sound of a brass band. There was only one motor car on the whole route—and it was mine.

But between me and the Mall were His Majesty's Grenadier Guards standing stiffly at attention. What

was to be done? Then I remembered the words of Foch in 1918: "My flanks are giving way, my front is pierced—I attack!" I saw an opening between two sections of the Guards and made for it. Then to my horror the band burst into "God Save the King," the Guards presented arms, and slowly from the Palace came a car which apparently contained the two Princesses. The crowds cheered and waved.

At a crawling pace the royal car started down the Mall. So did I for there was no place else to go. I judged that 100 yards was about the proper distance although I would have given a lot to be a hundred miles away at that moment.

Troops were presenting arms and each band stationed on the route blared out the National Anthem in turn as if it were the only one doing it. It never occurred to me before how often the King must hear that piece of music. No one questioned the solitary black-hatted figure in the car behind. If they thought anything it was perhaps that I was a private detective.

It seemed an endless drive to the Admiralty where the royal car turned to the right. This would give me a chance to escape. The Princesses would travel across the Horse Guards' Parade and through Whitehall, whereas I could keep straight on and approach by the Abbey.

Then my heart really sank. A great concourse of people, to say nothing of a regiment of soldiers, barred the way to liberty. There was only one route clear—across the Horse Guards' Parade. "God Save the King"—another band had given tongue. Slowly the royal car crept across the sacred square. Slowly I followed.

Now for the climax. There seemed to be a million people in Whitehall. Civil servants leaned out of the windows of the War Office, the Home Office and the Admiralty. On the left was Scotland Yard, on the right Downing Street. *Continued on page 36*

BACKSTAGE IN KOREA

Was the Tibet Invasion Our Fault?

By **BLAIR FRASER** MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

Blair Fraser is on a world air tour to write a series of special articles, the second of which appears on page 8. At the same time he is cabling his regular Backstage column from wherever he is at deadline time. This issue he's writing from Korea.

CANADIAN officers quartered at Pusan are thinking seriously of laying a complaint with the Canadian Medical Association against one Canadian doctor. Here's the story as they tell it:

A few days before my visit one of their men got a letter from his wife's doctor. The letter, sent by sea mail, was three weeks old. It said his wife was fatally ill, couldn't live more than another fortnight or so, and asked his permission to cut her up in an autopsy whenever she did die.

"If he'd got in touch with Army Headquarters, or let us know by any other means in time, we could have flown the man home—and would have done," his superior officer said. "Now the poor chap doesn't know whether his wife is alive or dead. The doctor didn't even put an air-mail stamp on the letter."

Also contained in the letter was another cheerful bit of information. The wife had been receiving daily injections of a new, scarce drug which seemed to be doing her good. It was

too expensive, the doctor said, so the treatment had been discontinued.

EVER since the Chinese Communists moved into Tibet there's been lively argument about the whole Indian policy toward Red China. Most Americans say this proves how wrong India has been—trying to chum up with Peking and finding out that you might as well chum up with a king cobra.

Indian officials in Tokyo and elsewhere (I left India itself before the Tibet invasion took place) admit that they were taken aback. "Our reaction was sheer consternation," said one. "We didn't know what to make of it and still don't."

Nevertheless, they don't admit their policy was wrong. On the contrary, they maintain it was right, and failed if it failed at all through lack of support from other nations.

Indians have always maintained that there are two factions in Peking: a so-called "internationalist" group of Moscow stooges and a nationalist group who are Chinese first and Communists. *Continued on page 39*



Cartoon by Grassick

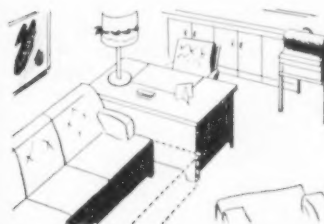
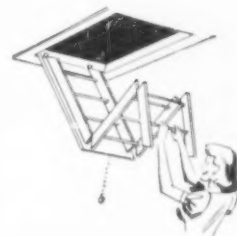
The Reds would like to make a tool of the Buddha priesthood.

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WHEN YOU BUY OR BUILD

Your Enduring Home

Here are some of the 72 building hints in our handy new reference book "How to Build a Better Home." We sincerely hope they will help you to get the most out of the biggest investment you may ever make.

30. Storage of bulky items presents a problem, notably in basementless houses. Fortunately, where there's an attic, it can be used to accommodate seasonal items like trunks, sports equipment, etc. A folding ladder makes it accessible without requiring the necessary staircase area. Attics should always be ventilated. For summer, install an attic fan to pull cool night air through the house and force it out ventilators.



32. Most modern houses can't afford a separate room for overnight guests, but sleeping accommodation is possible in a "multi-purpose" room. Essential equipment is a sofa that converts into a bed. Not only does a multi-purpose room serve as a place for children to play and do their homework—it makes a fine study or sewing room as well.

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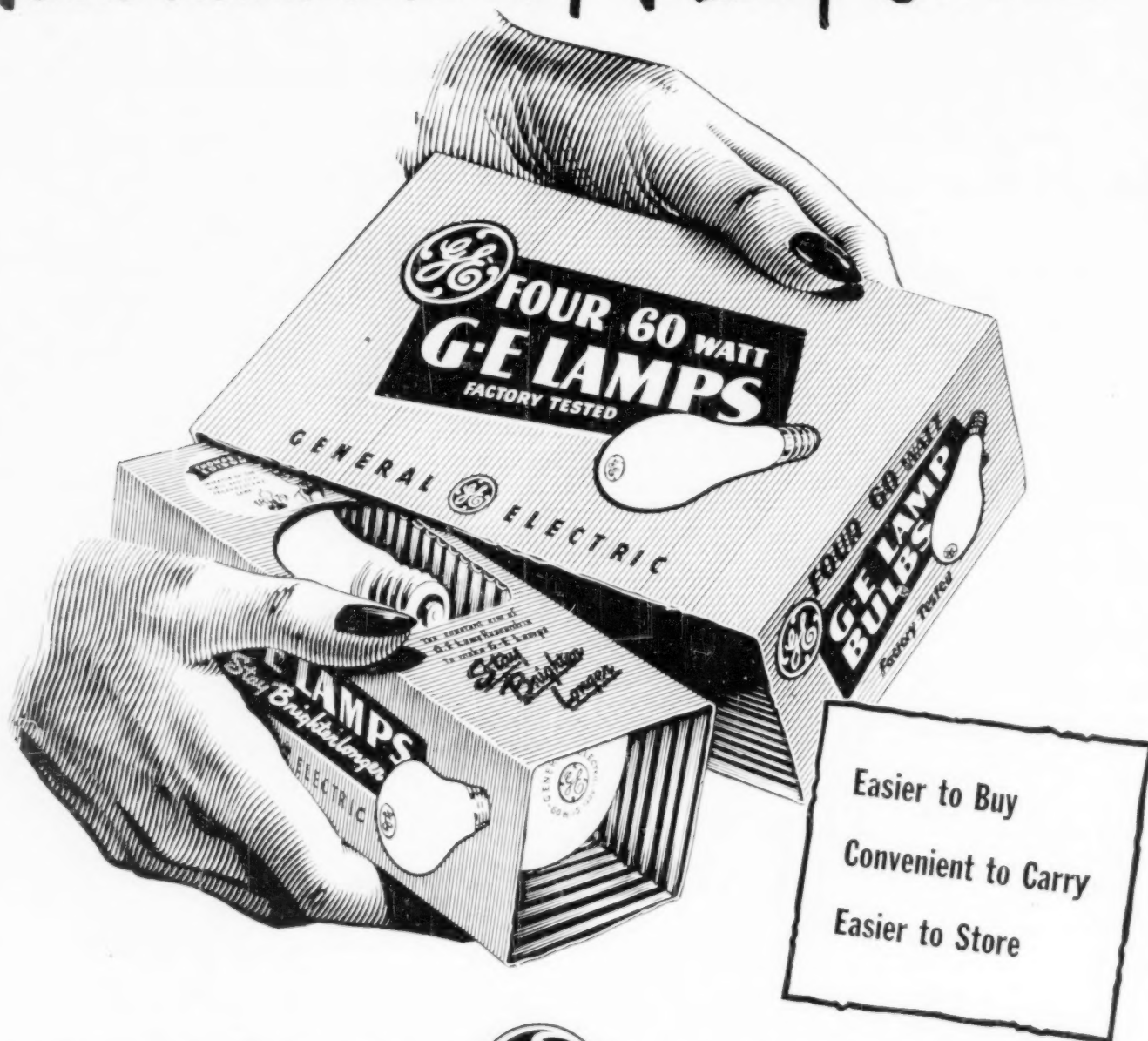
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MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Are We Heading For A 20-Cent Dollar?

Kicked around by economists, consumers and the Kremlin, our inflated dollar is a danger to our democracy. Here's a revealing summary of the errors and intrigues which caused our No. 1 domestic headache — and what we can do to check it

By BRUCE HUTCHISON

EVERY Canadian family talks wistfully of the 1939 dollar, wondering when it will return. We might as well discuss the return of the dinosaur, the dodo and the bison. The 1939 dollar has gone forever.

The only practical question today is whether the dollar—now worth less than 60 cents in 1939 terms—is to shrink still farther, whether in a few years we shall have a 40-cent, a 20-cent or a 10-cent dollar.

This question—apart from the crisis of war and peace with which it is inextricably bound up—is the most important question before the Canadian people.

By inflation this country and other free countries can wreck themselves, destroy their present economic systems and lose the struggle against Communism. Inflation can become our Achilles heel and Stalin's secret weapon. He knows that, but so far we don't.

Inflation has not occurred by accident or act of God. It was deliberately planned and executed. Like the origins of money itself, the origins of inflation are always the doing of men acting on the will of men.

In his history of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, Gibbon tells us that an early Roman citizen once had a cow for sale. Tired of dragging the animal through the streets he drew a crude picture of it and sold that. The buyer had a claim to a cow but, probably lacking a stable, he sold the picture, which thus passed from hand to hand while the cow itself remained unclaimed. Thus from the Latin word for cattle, *pecu*, came the word *pecunia* or money. That was the forerunner of our modern dollar bill—a claim for goods which may or may not be purchased.

This system worked all right so long as only one picture was painted for one cow. When some bright *entrepreneur* sold several pictures for the same cow and there were more pictures than cows in circulation, or more money than goods, man

had achieved one of his largest and most dangerous inventions.

When the Canadian Government needs extra money Douglas Abbott does not paint a cow's head on a piece of paper and peddle it along Sparks Street. But modern governments accomplish the same result through a banking system so complex that the public seldom suspects what is going on.

Sound governments, like that of Canada, resort to such legal sleight of hand only when they are in a tight spot. During a war, for example, they invariably breed more money without breeding any more cows or creating any more goods. Since there is then more money seeking the same amount of goods or even fewer goods—more people bidding higher for the same goods—prices naturally rise by the law of supply and demand. The value of money falls.

The Time Bomb Blew Up

That precisely is what has happened to the Canadian dollar in the last 10 years. Roughly speaking, if you consider the prices and the taxes he must pay, the Canadian who owned a dollar in 1939 actually owns 58 cents today. Every man who put his money into government bonds, life insurance, annuities or any fixed gilt-edged investment in 1939 has lost nearly half his estate and his widow will enjoy half the income she expected.

While in North America we have bitterly denounced the Socialists of Britain whenever they proposed a capital levy we have already enforced a ferocious levy of our own. We have selected as our helpless victim the man who has saved his money, taken less goods than he could have taken out of the total supply, bought Victory Bonds at the Government's request, prepared to keep himself in old age instead of living on the public treasury and generally behaved as a good citizen.

We have exempted from the capital levy the speculator who was smart enough to buy physical goods like real estate or the claim to goods in the form of common stocks. The value of these things in money has risen as the value of money has fallen.

We have robbed the saver, the pensioner and the widow while the investor, the speculator and the organized wage earner (who in the main has kept his money wages abreast of the rising cost of living) have gone virtually scot free.

Thereby our Government has committed legally an act for which an individual would be put in jail—and has committed it at our command.

Inflation began at the *very* moment when we thought we had it beaten. By an interesting paradox it became inevitable when the Government was enforcing the wartime price ceiling. We are not witnessing a process unforeseen and unpreventable but a foreseeable process absolutely assured by our apparent attempt to prevent it. During the war we planted a time bomb in our economic system and it has exploded. By what we do now, or fail to do, we can provide another and larger explosion later on.

When we embarked fully on World War II we were producing in Canada a certain quantity of goods and services. Because a large part of this production had to go into armaments which we could not consume ourselves it was obvious that less goods would be left to the consumer, unless we greatly increased our total production. We did increase our production but at the same time we increased still faster our diversion of materials, manpower and machinery into armaments. No matter how we fooled ourselves, we were left with less goods for our own use.

We could reduce our consumption of goods voluntarily, by buying less or by letting prices rise to a point where we could no longer afford to buy.

The Government tried the first method. It began to tax us and to borrow. *Continued on next page*



from us so that we would have less to spend. It sought to prevent us rushing into the market to bid up prices. For the time being it succeeded. But even after taxing us and borrowing from us the Government still was short of money to pay the cost of the war.

Convinced that we wouldn't face the facts of our situation the Government did not dare to tax or borrow enough from us to reduce our purchasing power to the level of the goods available. So, like all governments, it resorted to the oldest financial trick in the world and printed some more money.

I say printed some more money for that is what it did. But nowadays we have slicker methods than the printing press to conduct legal counterfeiting. The modern government does not have to set printers to work in the basement as the French Government did on the eve of the Revolution or as Hitler did in the last war.

Instead, it went to the private banks, by an elaborate fiction, and borrowed from them money which they really did not possess. The Government gave the banks a bond or some other short-term security and the banks credited the Government with a deposit of the same amount. The Government could then write cheques against this deposit to pay its bills, and its cheques, in the hands of private individuals, could be cashed at any bank. By this means new money in the form of figures on a ledger was created out of thin air.

If the total goods available to the consumer had risen at the same rate as the money supply nothing serious would have happened. There would have been a cow for every picture, no excessive bidding for scarce goods and hence no rise in prices.

Unfortunately, while this nation performed an unprecedented economic feat in almost doubling its production in one decade, the total money supply more than tripled. In 1939 our production of goods and services was worth \$5.5 billions. By 1949 it had risen, in terms of prewar dollars, to almost \$9.5 billions. But our total medium of exchange—coins, bills, bank deposits, which are money in active circulation, and the Government's outstanding bonds, which can be turned into cash and released on the market—had risen from \$5.8 billions at the beginning of 1939 to \$18.3 billions in the autumn of 1950.

By the Skin of Its Teeth

That was inflation. It didn't show during the war for several reasons. By heavy taxes, by selling Victory Bonds and by compulsory savings the Government was whittling off large chunks of purchasing power before we could use it. In the patriotism of wartime the bulk of the nation voluntarily restrained buying and postponed until peacetime the purchase of a new house, car, refrigerator or living room rug. Besides, many of the semi-durable goods the public desired had disappeared from the market as raw materials went into guns.

But those huge supplies of money were not disappearing. Apart from the amounts drained off in taxes and living costs the public was saving its money to spend later on.

Under these conditions—high taxes, voluntary saving, compulsory saving, some rationing and a general patriotic willingness to go without things for the moment—the Government could impose a price ceiling and make it stick tempora-

arily. On the highest authority, however, it can be said now that if the war lasted another year the force of excessive money pushing against an inadequate supply of goods would have smashed the ceiling completely. Price control came through the war by the skin of its teeth.

We entered the peace with a huge backlog of public savings ready to sweep down on the supply of goods like an avalanche. Curiously enough, U. S. Government economists, haunted by memories of the 30's, refused to see this. They persuaded President Truman that a rich but parsimonious public wouldn't spend money quickly enough to buy available goods, the goods would pile up unsold now that the Government was no longer turning them into guns, and another devastating depression would follow by the spring of 1946.

This was perhaps the largest and most garish blunder in the history of economics—a science which has the distinction of being almost always wrong.

They Expected a Recession

Fearing a deflation when the fires of inflation were already alight the U. S. Government pumped out more purchasing power by virtually compelling employers to raise wages, by spending hugely itself, by collecting in taxes less than it spent and by creating more money in the process. Faced with a conflagration the firemen of Washington industriously poured gasoline on the flames.

The firemen of Ottawa were a little sceptical of these methods but they too were beset by ghosts of the lean years. In the White Paper of 1945 they stoutly promised to resist the threatened deflation by the Keynesian machine called a cyclical budget. In any case they were powerless to isolate Canada from the economic lunacy and inflationary tide which were flowing by daily trade across the 49th parallel.

Thus planted in the war and manured in the peace, real inflation began its rank and poisonous growth.

The price ceiling—a Canadian achievement unequalled in other countries—had postponed it but had not cured it. At some point the postponed rise in prices was bound to come into the open. The supply of money and the supply of goods had to equate themselves in higher prices. By the beginning of 1950 this equation apparently had been reached.

We seemed to be securely on a flat price plateau—some 60% above the plateau of 1939. We had lost part of our dollar. The costs of the war not covered by current taxes and real borrowing had been paid for by the usual method of devaluing the currency. But no one had been hurt too much. It was incredible, all things considered, that we had come through so well. With perfunctory apologies to those who had seen much of their savings confiscated we could go on from there.

In the minds of the Washington economists, indeed, the danger no longer was inflation but deflation. Early in 1950 these prophets announced that by autumn we would face another recession probably worse than the brief shake-out of early 1949 which Canada had miraculously escaped.

Alas, no economist can calculate in advance the buying or saving habits of the public or the gambling instincts of investors. Least of all can he read the mind of the Politburo. In June, 1950, the Politburo

Continued on page 44

Here's What's Happened to Your Buck

Through the maze of inflation theory comes the unpalatable fact that Canada's dollar is now worth 58 cents, compared with its 1939 value. Even so, most of us are living much better than we did before World War II



WHERE THE CANADIAN FAMILY'S MONEY GOES (YEARLY EXPENSES)

	Moderate Income		Higher Income	
	1948	1950	1950	1950
	\$ %	\$ %	\$ %	\$ %
Housing	276 10.0	310 10.3	600 10.0	
Fuel	81 2.9	90 3.0	125 2.1	
Electricity, Laundry	111 4.0	123 4.1	135 2.2	
Soap, Tobacco, etc.	102 3.7	110 3.7	150 2.5	
Food	766 27.0	831 27.7	1300 21.7	
Beer, Other Alcoholic				
Drinks	38 1.4	41 1.4	45 .8	
Furniture, Equipment	181 6.5	192 6.4	300 5.0	
Clothing, Cleaning	339 12.7	353 11.8	460 7.7	
Transportation	218 7.9	235 7.8	540 9.0	
Medical Care	91 3.3	98 3.3	200 3.3	
Personal Care	40 1.4	43 1.4	85 1.4	
Education, Recreation	168 6.0	180 6.0	475 7.9	
Charity, Insurance	260 9.3	272 9.1	360 6.0	
Taxes	72 2.6	80 2.6	565 9.4	
Miscellaneous	38 1.3	42 1.4	60 1.0	
Savings			600 10.0	
	\$2781 100%	\$3000 100%	\$6000 100%	



The beating your dollar gets when you take it shopping is nothing to what's likely to happen when war factories boom again.

TO MOST Canadians the uneasy mysteries of inflation boil down to five words: "What's it doing to me?"

Only for the minorities is the answer either drastic or dramatic. For one minority—pensioners and people living on their savings—the 10-year jag of the dollar bill has been a cruel tragedy. For another minority—lucky or far-sighted investors—it has been a golden jackpot.

For the majority it has been neither. The arithmetic of dollars, doughnuts and new shoes for the kids says the average Canadian family is living much better than it lived in 1939, but not so well as it lived in 1945 at the peak of the wartime boom.

The overriding facts about the race between income and living costs are these:

If you parcelled the total income in 1939 among every Canadian man, woman and child, each had \$386. In 1945 the per capita income had zoomed to \$804, and in 1949, the last year for which such figures are at hand, to \$948. But the 1945 average income could buy \$671 worth of goods at 1939 prices. The 1949 average income could still buy \$589 worth. That means the average Canadian has approximately 50% more buying power than before the war and about 12% less than in 1945.

"But what about the higher taxes we pay now?" it might be asked. Actually they're not enough higher to absorb the rise in real buying power since 1939. Also the average family is getting more aid from the government, which offsets to some unknown extent the higher levies. Such government payments as veteran and other pensions, family allowances and interest to bondholders have

By **SIDNEY MARGOLIUS**

increased a half-billion dollars—about 15% in the past three years.

Biggest boost in the Canadian standard of living has been in durable goods. We're buying more than twice as many autos, home appliances and furniture than we were in 1939. We're dressing better. To a lesser extent, as the government's national accounts show, we're eating more and better food.

Canadian industrial workers have shared in the general advance toward better living during the past decade, and since '45 have just about managed to keep even with leaping prices. The average industrial worker earned \$20.11 a week in 1939, \$31.23 in '45 and by mid-1950 he was getting \$43.50. According to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics he's about 25% better off in real earnings than in '39; his present wage could buy him \$25.57 worth of living at prewar prices. But it buys him no more than \$31.07 did in '45. He's out 16 cents a week in real earnings since then.

For many families, of course, family allowances have more than cushioned these minor dips. Introduced in the peak year of '45 the baby bonus gives a family with two eligible children an extra \$2.72 a week. That means an additional \$1.60 of purchasing power over '39, and \$1.76 over '45.

The average Canadian family is 3.9 persons. For most Canadians the shock of inflation has been psychological rather than material. And it has been deepened by the fact that inflation made its giddiest spurt after many of us thought it was

ready to halt. In 1947 Canada's cost of living had risen only 35% compared with a dramatic 60% in the United States. But in the intervening three years the shrinkage of the Canadian dollar has almost caught up with the total shrinkage of the American dollar.

The buck in your pocket at this writing is worth 58 cents in 1939 purchasing power. The American dollar is now worth 57 cents compared with its 1939 stature.

In 1949 this writer compared the cost of a budget for a family of three in Hamilton, Ont., and Trenton, N.J., two cities of comparable size and industrial character. The yearly expenses for the Hamilton family totaled \$2,188. The six per cent jump in expenses since then now makes that bill \$131 more, or \$2,319. The Trenton family's costs have gone up only 2.4% and the bill there is now \$2,416. (The average Canadian industrial worker currently earns \$43.50 a week compared with \$60 for the American.)

Food is still a bit cheaper here. In '49 a Hamilton family could feed itself for 10% less than in Trenton. Late in '50, a basket of 11 items, weighted for their importance in the food budget, cost \$4.64 in Hamilton and \$4.91 in Trenton.

Your dollar's buying power took a rough pummeling in 1950, almost as severe as in '47 when controls were first lifted. Then the buck was still worth 79 cents. At the beginning of 1950 you could buy 62 cents worth of goods with it. During the last 12 months it shed another four cents through a jump of 10% in the food bill, and nine per cent in rent.

Continued on page 46

Read these prices and weep. Snipped from 1939 Toronto papers these ads show in a glance how everything has skyrocketed.

RED LABEL TEA 30¢ 59¢

C.C. SAUCE 16¢

WAX BEANS 10¢

CORNEED BEET 11¢

MARMALADE 24¢

ST. WILLIAMS JAM 23¢

SHORTENING 11¢

SALMON 27¢

SURPRISE SOAP 4¢

CARESSE TISSUE 9¢

ENJOY YOUR VITAMINS

PRIDE OF ARABIA COFFEE 25¢

BANANAS 3¢ 23¢

TOMATOES 14¢

CANTALOUPES 15¢

FRESH LEMONS 15¢

COTTAGE CHEESE FOR EXCEPTIONAL BREAD VALUE

EATON Made-to-Measure One-Trouser Suits \$22.50

CHEVROLET

PRIME BEEF SPECIAL

BLADE ROAST 16¢

BONELESS POT 15¢

PRIME RIB Roast 22¢

SHORT RIB Roast 17¢

ROUND Steak Roast 23¢

BOASTING CHICKENS 28¢

COOKED MEATS

ATON'S EXCLUSIVE IN TORONTO

Martha Washington FROCKS

5 Figure Types in Zetonia Girdles \$3.00

195

295

395

Even as parts of the cold, unfriendly country changed hands for the third time it was obvious that one thing wouldn't change in Korea: Its people didn't like Syngman Rhee's police rule much better than they liked the Reds



A Princess Pat leaves for Korea with lingering farewell.

BLAIR FRASER, BACK FROM THE BATTLEFRONT, SAYS - - -

WIN OR LOSE, THE RUSSIANS MAY GET KOREA

BEHIND the Australian war correspondent's camp north of Sinanju stood an empty Korean farmhouse. It was quite undamaged, but for some reason the owners had moved out. The reporters preferred to sleep in tents because the house was full of fleas.

The main room of the little mud cottage was papered with old North Korean newspapers, and I didn't have to read Korean to know who'd been in charge here. Every page was splashed with pictures—muddy photographs of Stalin and Molotov and the Red Chinese dictator, Mao Tse-tung; line drawings of Lenin and Karl Marx.

A small Korean boy saw me looking at this wallpaper. He ran over to a big picture of Stalin and made a great show of punching it in the nose.

That is the fashion in Korea now that the Americans have taken over. I wondered what the boy would have done a month or two before when the Communists were still in control.

Did the little fist in Stalin's face indicate a real hatred, previously suppressed? Or was he merely doing for his own protection what he thought the new foreigners would like?

It's probably too soon to know the answer; perhaps the boy himself doesn't know. But, if the second interpretation turns out to be right, 5,000 Americans, several hundred Britons and Australians, and uncounted Koreans will have died to no purpose. The Russians may still win in Korea even if their ultimate military fate there is defeat.

The United Nations put a tremendous war machine into this battered peninsula. It was a magnificent effort. Countries like Canada, which took little or no part, have no right to complain that in military terms there were many reverses and in political terms the Americans were too busy fighting the war to give much thought to winning the peace.

Nevertheless, it's true that even at the height of the U. N.'s military successes no peace machine, no fully effective civil government had appeared to take over in the army's wake. Despite United Nations misgivings there seemed to be little to prevent the regime of Syngman Rhee from assuming charge of the whole nation.

Syngman Rhee's government in South Korea was no great credit to democracy. Under a thin façade of liberty it set up a police state, run for the benefit of the privileged in an archaic society—a state in which arbitrary imprisonment and political assassination were used to keep the government in power. General MacArthur himself, talking to a visitor last May, made some acid remarks about Syngman Rhee's habit of classifying every political opponent as a Communist and clapping him into jail.

The prospect of victory didn't seem to have changed Rhee's line of thought. He made a speech recently deploring criticism of his government and branding such criticism as "disloyalty."

Just before I visited the 345 men in the advance party of Canada's Special Force at Pusan, the seaport town on the southern tip of Korea, I stopped in Seoul where I was billeted with a British correspondent. He was pecking out a story on a portable typewriter. "I'm supposed to be doing some light feature pieces," he said, "but the Koreans invited me out this afternoon to watch some executions. I don't feel like writing light features now."

It's fair to say that even when the shooting was at its lowest ebb, Korea was still in a state of violence that made due process of law an expensive

Maclean's Fraser (right) checks map before going up front. He found the cold a silent enemy.





British Highland troops wear American winter uniforms in Korea. So will Canadians, who took part of training at Fort Lewis.

luxury. Even when Seoul was 300 miles behind the front lines, we were warned not to go out after dark alone or unarmed. An estimated 15,000 to 20,000 guerrillas were still under arms in the hills, supported by heaven knows how many secret aides in the towns and villages.

Reprisal and repression, though, are double-edged weapons, and it was disquieting to think of the pools of bitterness and vengeance that were being replenished in this country. Ample publicity has been given to atrocities by North Koreans. For military reasons, atrocities by South Koreans have been played down. Most people here seem to think the story's about the same on both sides—except, of course, that no white men have been victims on this side of the line.

In this pot-and-kettle argument neither group emerges with much credit. In some other respects the Communist Government of North Korea actually seems to have done a better job than the so-called democracy in the south.

British Brigade Stalled by Cold

It did, for one thing, bring in land reform which freed the North Korean peasant from his landlord. In South Korea, land reform has been part of the platform of every political party; nobody could get elected without it. In practice, land reform was consistently sabotaged by the Syngman Rhee Government right up to the outbreak of war.

Responsible observers fear that if the UN wins the shooting war, the UN occupation is quickly withdrawn and the Korean voter is left with the free choice, he may yet vote for Communism as an alternative to Syngman Rhee. But if UN occupation is to be continued, who's going to stay and do the job?

Nobody wants to. You had to visit Korea in winter to realize what a singularly unpleasant country it is.

North from Pyongyang, the former Communist capital, you drove through a dreary succession of

bare brown hills enclosing little flat valleys—a land without landmarks. Each hill looked like every other hill, each town and village was uniformly drab and poverty-stricken. Dust lay along the rough narrow roads in opaque clouds; often you couldn't see 30 feet ahead. Temperatures were low, winds high and cutting.

Campaigning here needs no enemy to make it daunting. I stayed with the British Commonwealth Brigade just south of Pakchon, and the whole front was quiet; the only shots I heard were fired by UN artillery a mile or two behind us. Nevertheless, it was no picnic.

The Chinese Communists didn't know it, but they could have walked right through the British Commonwealth Brigade on the first morning I was there.

It was the first real cold snap of the North Korean winter. As the sun came up you could hear mechanics all along the line trying to get jeeps and trucks started. Only about one in five would go. We didn't know it at the time, but the same thing had happened to weapons. Bren guns wouldn't fire, tanks wouldn't start. Only the artillery would function at all because it had been firing all night.

There was no thermometer in the open-ended tent where we slept on the ground, but we knew it was cold. When I washed in an upturned helmet that morning I wet my hair before shaving; five minutes later I was combing flakes of ice out of it. The colonel of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders set down his shaving brush while he applied his razor; when he picked it up again it was a solid stick.

I had four blankets, a sleeping bag, long underwear and a fur-lined parka. I wore it all to bed and I was cold. Men of the forward companies were posted on windswept hills ahead of us, still wearing tropical underwear they brought from Hong Kong and supplied with two blankets apiece.

They slept with no shelter but a tarpaulin, in shallow foxholes stuffed with straw.

"I'm not afraid of the North Koreans or the Chinese either," a British officer said. "I am afraid of the weather."

All over Korea, north and south alike, the people seemed chilly too. Maybe that is the liberators' own fault, but it's not one that can easily be corrected. It's true that the G.I. refers to all Koreans as "gooks," that he shows contempt for the native at every turn. But let's not be smug about it. Canadian troops developed some of the same prejudice within a week of their arrival.

However unfair or unfortunate it may be, it's a fact that the average white man dislikes the average Korean. This is not just a color line case. Americans get on well with the Japanese, but Koreans are different.

Want Authority But Can't Use It

North of the Chongchon River we ran into a traffic jam one day about noon. An Australian tow truck had a breakdown; traffic from two directions clotted up. Into the middle of the mess leaped a Korean policeman. While Australian drivers sweated and cursed and finally got traffic moving again, the Korean stood with an expression of pure delight, blowing his whistle.

My companion was a British officer, a patient and amiable soul. "If that gook blows his whistle once more," he said, "I'll personally go over and break his neck."

The incident was trivial but typical. Koreans are intensely proud and jealous of their new independence. They want authority. When they get it they don't seem to know what to do with it. In any crisis they tend, metaphorically speaking, to stand there blowing their whistles. It is hard on the onlooker's nerves.

This temperamental dislike is multiplied on both sides by circumstance. Koreans don't like having their bullock carts

Continued on page 38

These Things Break the Family Circle



More cars and swifter travel encourage fun away from home.



Modern entertainment takes the place of the old family circle.



Parents fear free dating leads to sex complications for kids.



Cramped housing leaves many young people with little privacy.

IT'S A TOUGH TIME TO BE A KID

PART TWO

By SIDNEY KATZ

IN MY trip across Canada to investigate the problems of Canadian adolescents nothing stood out more sharply than the growing conflict between teen-agers and their parents.

This breach between father and son, mother and daughter, often finds the teen-ager groping in an adult world, cut off from the benefits of parents' advice and experience. The lack of family understanding is an important factor in most cases of juvenile delinquency—a subject cloaked in confusion and distortion.

In Calgary a worried 17-year-old girl recited to me her difficulties at school, with girl friends and with the boys she was dating. I asked her if she ever discussed these problems with her parents.

"Goodness, no!" she exclaimed. "I couldn't do that. They're usually too busy with other things. And even if they did listen their ideas are so old-fashioned you'd be wasting your breath."

Her dilemma is common. In some cases it's so intense that it has driven youngsters to behave in harmful and indiscreet ways. A 16-year-old Montreal girl ran away from home with a man twice her age. More often, though, the conflict results in stormy family scenes where the teen-ager's behavior and attitudes come under fire, with no result but a widening of the conflict.

No two generations, perhaps since the beginning of time, have had less in common than the generation that had finished growing up by the nineteen-twenties and the generation that began its life in the nineteen-thirties.

The 1950 teen-ager takes for granted jet planes, television, more years at school, more leisure time and a wide variety of commercial entertainment. Everything is changing, including ideas about right and wrong. The adolescent often finds or thinks he finds that his parents' code of behavior doesn't apply to his own situation.

Take the ritual of dating. A Vancouver girl explained that "when Mom went out she was chaperoned. She knew the boy well and she was in by 10 o'clock. But times have changed!" This girl goes stag to a teen-age dance, teams up with a stranger, leaves at 11 with the gang for a coke and sandwich and gets home by 12 or 12.30. If she doesn't conform she's written off by her friends as a wet blanket.

Or take the matter of money. Many parents remind their children that their own monthly allowance was 50 cents or a dollar. "That would have been just dandy in the Gay Nineties," one Toronto boy remarked. "But even a casual date—movies, coke and sandwich—can run to \$1.50 or \$2."

On race, religion and sex there's a wide gap between the thinking of parents and children. A Winnipeg boy whose parents are orthodox Jews doesn't agree with their methods of worship. "I don't see the sense of sticking to rules that are 2,000 years old," he told me. And a Vancouver boy, who at the insistence of his parents went to two churches, says he'll go no more. "At one of the churches the minister was always nagging at you for dancing, smoking and going to movies," he said. "Why all the fuss? Kids do those things anyway."

Most youngsters are more tolerant of other racial groups than their parents. A 17-year-old Winnipeg Ukrainian girl is scolded for going out with a Polish boy because Poles are traditional enemies of the Ukrainians. In Regina I met a boy from the prosperous Lakeview section who went out with a foreign girl against his parents' wishes.

Sex is paraded for their children in Press, movies and radio but many parents still subscribe to the theory of a generation ago: children should be kept in the dark about sex. An Alberta boy told me: "I'd be afraid to bring up any sex problem with my parents. They think it's dirty. They'd suspect the only reason I was bringing up the subject was because I was in trouble. So I keep my mouth shut."

Superimposed on these changes in attitudes is the fact that teen-age years have been unsettled to live through. War, high prices, housing shortage, a tense international situation, unhappy marriages and excessive

Never before have two generations been so divided. Our teen-agers, caught in a whirl of fast and complex living, rebel against the dictums of an adult world. This frank and searching report shows how this family crisis affects the lives of most Canadians

drinking have dealt staggering blows to the serenity of the Canadian home.

I asked one 16-year-old boy, who couldn't name the prime minister of Canada, if politics was discussed in his family circle. "What family circle?" he replied. "You couldn't call our family a family. We each go our own way."

Let's examine in more detail the problems of some young Canadians I interviewed in this survey of teen-age living.

I think the most frequent cause of conflict with parents was dating.

In Calgary a 16-year-old girl expressed to me her fear that "I'm gradually going out of circulation." Her parents insist she has to be home by 11 o'clock, which means she can't stay until the end of a dance. Boys hesitate to date her. In Montreal a boy told me he felt uncomfortable on a date because his father carps on his late hours and sits up waiting for him.

Is there a solution to the problem of keeping hours acceptable to both teen-agers and parents? There's no sure formula but some kids have been able to work out a satisfactory arrangement. The answer lies sometimes in discussing the matter frankly and fairly. The parents can point out that lack of sleep during school time can lead to failure, that they are afraid of drinking, fast driving and promiscuous sex relations. The teen-ager may point out that he has to keep up with the gang—an activity frequently quite harmless. One girl told me she is allowed one early date a week on school nights. She can also go out on Friday and Saturday nights. On Sunday, if she wishes, she can do her homework in the afternoon or evening and the free period can be used for another date. A Montreal boy also has an arrangement with his folks: "I tell them where I'm going, who I'm going with and what time I'll be back. In return they're not supposed to criticize me."

The teen-ager needs more cash than his father did when he was a boy: there are more places to go to, more time to go to them and prices are higher. It's not always easy for father to accept these facts. Thus, a Brandon girl who asks her father for the family car is told to "work the same as I did and buy your own car." At the same time he wants her to go to university. "I can't do both," she says.

A mental hygiene worker in Toronto told me that many parents were deeply affected by the depression. They know you need an education to get ahead; therefore they put pressure on their children to do well at school. At the same time they try to discourage extravagance. The child may react by becoming a nervous wreck from trying too hard at school or by throwing the whole thing up with the remark, "I'd rather have a good time."

How much truth is there in the frequent accusation that teen-agers are always looking for "an easy touch"—that they shirk responsibility?

I met teen-agers who work spare time as gardeners, grocery clerks, errand boys, babysitters, waitresses and truck driver assistants. Many of them didn't have to work. In Winnipeg, Milton Corne, whose father is a well-to-do publisher, is a grocery clerk in a department store. His friend, Roy Vincent, whose father is manager of a trust company, cuts grass at a golf club. In Toronto, Hugh Curry's father is an aluminum factory executive and Dan McTavish's dad is a successful physician, yet both work at odd jobs like ushering at the Canadian National Exhibition.

But teen-agers will balk at taking responsibility when they feel that they are being treated like children. They want their opinions listened to. One girl told me that she's automatically against helping with jobs around the house because of the way her mother issues orders. "She won't ask me, 'Would you mind doing such-and-such?' From the tone of her voice you'd think you were doing forced labor."

Practically every teen-ager having family difficulties described his parents in these terms: "They regard their opinions as gospel—not to be questioned."

It's often repeated that family life is disintegrating. But do we realize the crushing effect of weakened family ties on children? These victims of unhappy homes—thousands of them across

Continued on page 40

Their World and Wants Are Different



They want more specific information on sex, without taboos.



Dating costs more and can't be managed on a 1920 allowance.



Many have no interest in church but go to please parents.



Religious and racial differences count less among the young.

DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM BOOK



LAING GALLERIES



Emily Carr had an affinity with animals. Pets in her house included dogs, a peacock and a monkey.

◀ She painted the Community House on Queen Charlotte Islands in 1912. Then she took in roomers.

Trees danced for Emily. In this magnificent canvas ▶ she caught the wild violence of the B. C. woods.

The Genius We Laughed At

By J. K. NESBITT

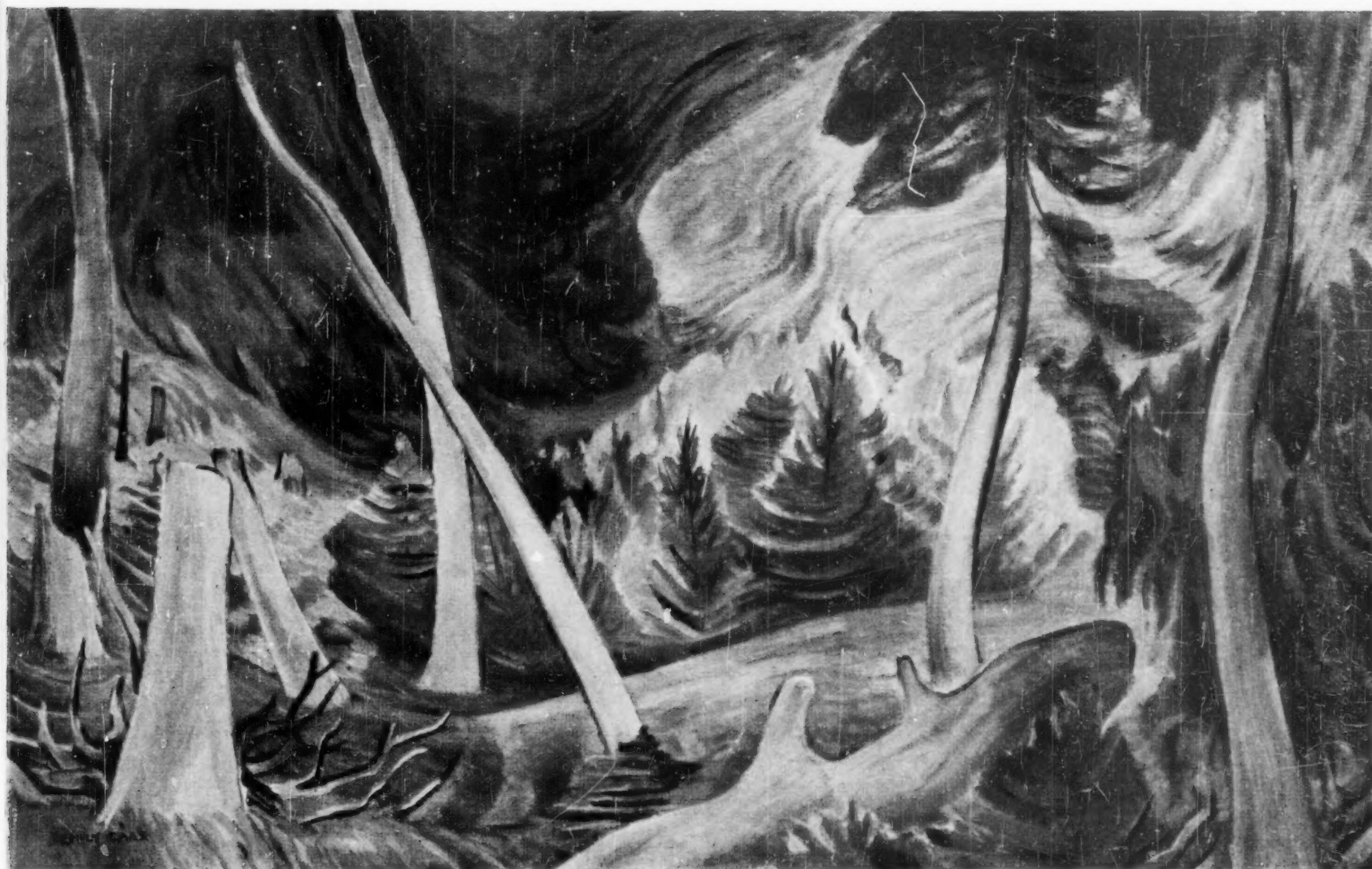


SHE was a stocky thickset woman, and when she walked the streets of Victoria's James Bay district, a rabble of dogs and cats at her heels, a monkey or a white rat on her shoulder and pushing a baby buggy full of groceries, the neighbors used to nudge each other and say: "There goes Emily Carr. She paints and she writes and she's queer."

Almost until her death she remained unrecognized as one of Canada's great artists and writers. How were the housewives of James Bay to know that the Times of London would call this strange woman "a distinguished writer and a distinctive painter," that the New York Times would praise her "brisk and sensitive originality," that Dr. Max Stern, of Montreal's Dominion Gallery, would call her "the outstanding Canadian painter"?

Victoria looked on Emily Carr as an eccentric old maid, such a failure at writing and painting

She'd travel by canoe to out-of-the-way totem poles. The Indians called her "the laughing one."



ART GALLERY OF TORONTO

She labeled herself a failure,
this strange turbulent woman who painted what the forest told her.
She burned many of her canvases and ran a chaotic boardinghouse.

But Emily Carr is now acclaimed as one of Canada's greatest artists

that she had to keep a boardinghouse and raise dogs for sale.

In 1943, two years before her death, hardly anyone bought her canvases. Today the paintings she valued at \$35 and \$50 sell for \$250 and \$350. One great swirling forest scene which she marked \$125 is valued at \$1,000.

About 400 of her paintings hang today in Canadian art galleries. Her work has been shown at London's Tate Gallery and in New York, Washington, San Francisco and Philadelphia. She destroyed 200 canvases because they were crowding her home. She often crumpled them and stuffed them in garbage cans. She burned some of her work because she didn't like it. Sometimes she was so disgusted with a painting that she wouldn't sign it until years later.

She never wanted to make money from her work. She once placed a price on a picture and when a buyer offered much more Emily snapped: "I've told you the price; you do not have to take it."

She made little from her paintings, but her books were more successful. The journals in which she scribbled blossomed into the award-winning "Klee-Wyck," sketches of her visits to the Indians; "The Book of Small," impressions of her childhood

and early-day Victoria; "The House of All Sorts," the story of her boarders. Her autobiography, "Growing Pains," was published after her death. Ten thousand copies of her books have been sold in Canada and more are being prepared from her journals.

She died at 74 with no awareness of the contribution she had made to Canadian art and letters.

She had tremendous drive, this odd woman. No one ever knew what was behind it. She often referred to a mysterious love that tortured and tormented her. Not long before she died in 1945 she said that she'd just had a letter from a man who had loved her 40 years before and who still loved her. Was this the secret of the frustration that lay inside her?

In her latter years she kept a boardinghouse in Victoria. Her lodgers were terrified of her sharp unruly tongue and stinging sarcasms. Many became her friends but they never could understand her—or her rages.

Once a boarder insisted on hanging his socks to dry from his bedroom window. Miss Carr was not pleased. She was watering the garden with her monkey Wu on her shoulder. Just then the owner of the socks walked in the

Continued on page 29



She was born in this house in Victoria in a snow-storm. All her 74 years the storm never abated.

LOOK OUT!

But he isn't the roaring,
swashbuckling,
mustache-twirling tyrant
of a soldier's worst dreams.

The modern regimental
sergeant-major

doesn't blow his top.

Yet Sam Heinrich still gets

exactly what he wants

from both officers and rankers



EVEN HIS EYES crackle orders on parade square. Heinrich fought four years overseas, won the M.B.E.



A SOLDIER'S JOB isn't shouting, it's shooting, he tells NCOs. The RSM inspects Korea force trainees.



HERE COMES THE SERGEANT-MAJOR

By McKENZIE PORTER



HE DEMANDS AND GETS discipline but juniors are never bawled out in public. Dirty boots caught his eye.



HE'S LORD of the sergeants' mess. Once his humor backfired when he kidded a reporter he owned a ranch.



HEINRICH'S FAMILY lives comfortably on \$256 a month. The house costs him \$60 a month.

IT IS 0800 hours at Camp Borden. It is the time most Canadian veterans recall with a shudder and some with nostalgia. It is the moment when that fierce mixture of love and hate for the Army is incubated in a soldier. It is on this split second that the first parade of the day is called to attention. It is the signal for the regimental sergeant-major to blow his top.

The ranker stands there, feeling the tingle of the autumn sun on his neck, staring over the rolling pine-and-sand land of this southern Ontario base, stifling a burp from his undigested breakfast, sniffing the odors of boot polish, blanco, carbolic and sweat, waiting like a waxwork for that familiar explosion . . .

"Stand still! You're waving round like a field of wheat!"

But on this morning a new RSM, watching the parade from the rim of the great macadam rectangle, utters no sound.

The orderly sergeant turns about, marches up to an officer, crashes to a halt, salutes and reports, "Parade ready for inspection, sah!" The officer passes down the ranks, a model of relaxed authority against a phalanx of respectful rigidity. "Take this man's name . . . haircut. Take this man's name . . . unshaven."

That's a queer RSM out there. Leaving it all to the orderly sergeant. Never stamps, never foams, never shakes his silver-knobbed stick in a man's face. Yet those eyes, always those bright blue eyes, blazing from the distance, burrowing under boots for that worn cleat, boring through rifle butts for that missing pull-through, burning on that maladjusted shoulder strap. Those eyes are incandescent!

He's a Sucker For Children

This is not the RSM in cartoons. This is Warrant Officer Class I Samuel Heinrich, M.B.E., of Lord Strathcona's Horse. This is the Canadian RSM of 1951, the RSM thousands of recruits are going to meet. And he's never boiled over in his life.

He once shut up a regiment which was booing its colonel on parade with one word—"Silence!" He once cleared a pub of malingering troopers with two words—"Get out!" He once collected 100 German prisoners with one terse sentence in their own tongue.

"Bellowing doesn't work any more," says RSM Heinrich. "It's action that counts. This parade belongs to the orderly sergeant. If there's anything wrong with it I'll deal with him in private."

Heinrich has 22 years' service and has risen through every rank from trooper up. Overseas for four years with the Canadian 5th Division, he saw battle in Italy, France, Holland and Germany. He was decorated by the King with the M.B.E. for outstanding services.

At 40 Heinrich is one of Canada's youngest RSMs. None his age has held the rank so long, nearly nine years. Good RSMs are rarer than good officers. If he hadn't been so good Heinrich might have been an officer today.

He stands 5 ft. 10 in., weighs 180 lbs. His legs are light, slightly bowed, typical cavalry legs. His bulk is mounted above the waist so that he looks like a rearing bison. His neck is 17½ in. His fists are like hams. His blond head might have been blasted out of rock so chunky are the features. But his blue eyes can twinkle with humor and he's a sucker for children.

Heinrich saves his voice for the right moment, the regimental parade. It's not a roar but a shrill articulate spatter of words which has electrified 3,000 men into that thud-click-wham of the perfect present arms.

Continued on page 31

MACLEAN'S FICTION CONTEST, HONORABLE MENTION

A letter from a girl called Elsie



JOHN WATSON, like the winner of Maclean's Fiction Contest, drew on his war experiences for the background of his development of the W. Somerset Maugham situation. Watson, 33, was born and educated in Toronto. He served as an infantry officer with the Canadian Army in Italy and Holland. "My 9-5 day is now spent in the advertising department of the T. Eaton Co.," he writes. "For a number of years I was radio editor of Saturday Night and still write book reviews for them. One of my hobbies is reading and reviewing other people's stories and wishing I could do half as well." Watson is married and has a son.

By JOHN WATSON

COME IN." The door opened and the young man came slowly into the room. The doctor looked hard at him, then glanced at his appointment book. Bernard Howell. A queer fish, this one. In 20 years of practice the doctor had never run across a man so young in quite this state.

And he was worse; more sleepless nights—you could tell by the pallor of the cheeks, the hot brilliance of the eyes.

"Afternoon, doctor. Not late, am I?"

No quaver in the voice, anyway. So far so good. Well, the hysterics would come later, when the probing began to go deep.

"Not more than a minute or two. Can't ask for better than that."

They mentioned the weather, Russia, the Bomb. "Well," the doctor ventured, "are you feeling any better?"

"No, not a bit. Worse, if anything. No reflection on you, of course. We can't expect miracles yet, can we?"

"My dear boy, we can't expect miracles—ever. Anyway, we've only just begun."

"Of course, I know. Funny, it seems so long ago that I came here the first time."

"It always does. You see, you've done a lot of talking since then, relived a good part of your life. No wonder it seems long."

"The trouble is, I've started to—to waver. You know, before I got here I'd almost decided not to come at all. Beginning to be afraid, I guess. Nothing worse than being afraid of yourself, is there?" He was being deliberately calm.

"Same routine as before, I suppose? Relax and talk . . . tell the whole truth and nothing but . . ."

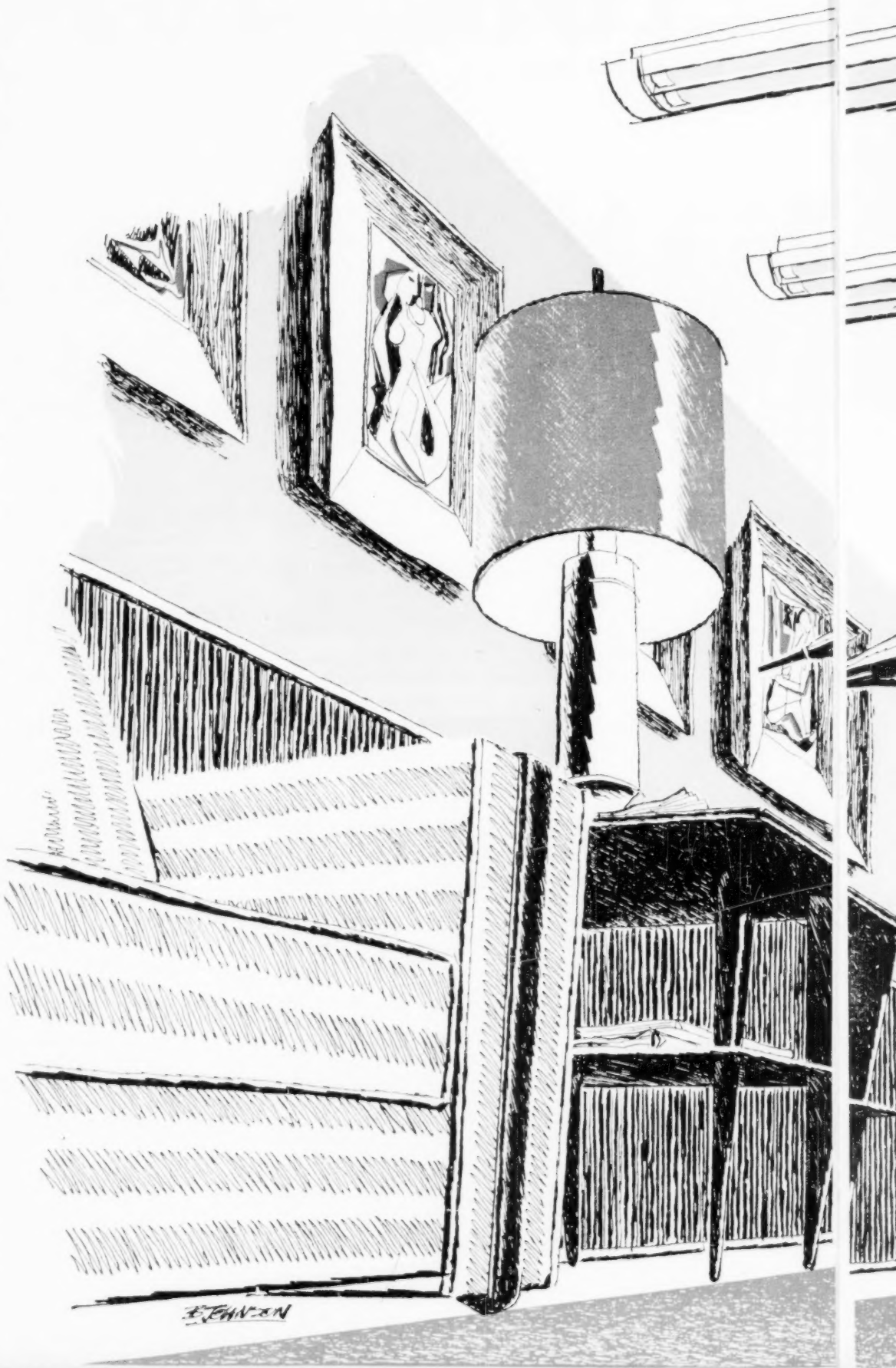
"That's about it. Whenever you're ready."

The doctor got up and pulled the curtains across the window.

THE WHOLE truth. What a terrible thing to ask of a man. Has that ever occurred to you, doctor? No, I suppose not. Mephistopheles bargaining for the souls of men. But you've not got a bargain this time, doctor. Shoddy merchandise. What'll you give for one soul, slightly used, a bit tarnished around the edges?"

"I might give you peace of mind, Howell, if you're prepared to—"

"Peace of mind! Do you think you can? Do you really believe that you, a common pill-pusher, a— I'm sorry. I apologize. I shouldn't have said that. It's only that I'm— *Continued on page 42*



ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSTON





THE BEST. Gilmour rates "All About Eve" as tops. Bette Davis makes a sizzling comeback.



CLYDE GILMOUR picks the best and worst MOVIES of 1950

THE BEST movies shown in Canada in 1950 were slightly better, in my opinion, than the best of 1949. And 1950's worst films, by the same happy token, seemed to me somewhat less bad than their dismal precursors of a year ago. I am not yet utterly convinced of the accuracy of the industry's current slogan, "Movies Are Better Than Ever," but I do agree that any customer willing to "shop around" for his films has a pretty good chance of finding some worthy ones if he looks carefully.

"All About Eve," my choice as the year's No. 1 entry, is a wise, witty, lusty and adult comedy-drama which has to do with intrigue and double-dealing in the world of the Broadway theatre. It was written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, a 41-year-old veteran of Hollywood. In 1949, you may recall, he gave us "A Letter to Three Wives." His output of the past two seasons, including the overly intense but stirring and sincere "No Way Out," establishes him as one of the most effective one-man movie factories. "Eve" has a fresh and witty script, and its fine cast includes Bette Davis (her best performance in ages), Anne Baxter, George Sanders, Gary Merrill, Celeste Holm, Hugh Marlowe and Thelma Ritter.

My No. 2 pick, "Sunset Boulevard," warmly

admired by many, detested by others, is a coldly brilliant melodrama about a spiderish ex-queen of the movies and the hack writer whom she destroys in her million-dollar web. Gloria Swanson and William Holden are superb in the leading roles.

"Trio" is a suave and satisfying import from Britain. It is based on three separate short stories by W. Somerset Maugham, with the old spell-binder himself on hand as intermission master-of-ceremonies. I don't think it's quite as good as the 1949 "Quartet," but it's a delightful exhibit just the same.

"Tight Little Island" and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," two more from Britain, are top-drawer comedies. "Island" tells how the parched residents of a lively Scottish community solve their wartime whisky shortage in a manner infuriating to the Home Guard but captivating to less tight-lipped beholders. In "Coronets" Dennis Price is a polite society murderer, and the sensational Alec Guinness is all eight of the aristocratic targets on his list.

"Panic in the Streets," "Mystery Street" and "The Asphalt Jungle" all deal absorbingly with criminals. One of them, "Mystery Street," is Hollywood's finest detective story in several seasons.

"The Men," created by the same craftsmen who formerly did "Champion" and "Home of the Brave," is an honest and moving story about the paraplegics—the wheelchair boys, war veterans hopelessly paralyzed from the waist down. Marlon Brando, a recruit from the New York stage, is

remarkably persuasive in his Hollywood debut.

"Mister 880" is a refreshing and different comedy. It's about a benign old junk dealer, beguilingly played by Edmund Gwenn, who frustrates Uncle Sam's treasury agents by printing a few crude one-dollar bills whenever he and his dog run short of ready cash.

Of my 1950 "best" list, seven are from Hollywood and three from Britain. Last year the honors were even. All of the 10 "worst" this year are Hollywood items except the British "Madness of the Heart" and the Italian "Stromboli," which director Roberto Rossellini complains was ruined by inartistic editing in North America. *Somebody* ruined it, that's for sure.

Besides the good comedies already mentioned, others I enjoyed included, "When Willie Comes Marching Home," "The Milkman," "The Jackpot," and "A Ticket to Tomahawk." The latter was retitled "The Sheriff's Daughter" by some exhibitors.

One of the funniest individual scenes of the whole year was in a British farce, "The Chiltern Hundreds," in which A. E. Matthews, as an addled country squire, tries to explain the sex life of the salmon to an embarrassed Labor peer. I think the film itself, though, was widely overrated.

"The Bicycle Thief," the best foreign movie I saw in 1950, is a poetic tragi-comedy from Italy, at times recalling the art of Chaplin at his best in its blending of laughter and tears. It was masterfully directed by Vittorio De Sica. ★

THESE WERE THE BEST

1. "All About Eve."
2. "Sunset Boulevard."
3. "Trio."
4. "Tight Little Island."
5. "Panic in the Streets."
6. "Kind Hearts and Coronets."
7. "Mystery Street."
8. "The Asphalt Jungle."
9. "The Men."
10. "Mister 880."

Best Canadian documentary short: "Challenge—Science Against Cancer."
Best documentary from anywhere: "The Titan."
Best foreign film: "The Bicycle Thief" (Italian).
Best comedy: "Tight Little Island" (British).
Best detective story: "Mystery Street" (U.S.).
Best westerns: 1, "Winchester '73"; 2, "Broken Arrow"; 3, "Two Flags West."
Best musicals: 1, "Annie Get Your Gun"; 2, "Summer Stock"; 3, "Let's Dance."
Best short: "Beaver Valley."
Best for children: 1, "Cinderella"; 2, "Treasure Island."
Best last-minute 1949 films not generally circulated in Canada until 1950: "Twelve O'Clock High" and "All the King's Men."
Best re-issues: 1, "City Lights"; 2, "The Informer"; 3, "The Lady Vanishes."
Best actress: Bette Davis in "All About Eve."
Best actor: William Holden in "Sunset Boulevard."
Best supporting actress: Ann Dvorak in "Our Very Own."
Best supporting actor: Millard Mitchell in "Mister 880" and several other films.
Most versatile actor: Alec Guinness in "Kind Hearts and Coronets."
Best producer: Darryl F. Zanuck for "All About Eve."
Best director: Joseph L. Mankiewicz for "All About Eve."
Best screenplay: "All About Eve," by Joseph L. Mankiewicz.
Best photographer: Ray Renahan for "The White Tower."
Best child actor: Jeremy Spenser in "Prelude to Fame."
Most notable comeback: Gloria Swanson in "Sunset Boulevard."
Best background musical score (not in a musical film): zither music by Anton Karas in "The Third Man."
Best singer, female: Judy Garland in "Summer Stock."
Best singer, male: Howard Keel in "Annie Get Your Gun."
Best dancer: Fred Astaire in "Let's Dance" and "Three Little Words."
Actress most successfully combining comedy and allure: Shelley Winters as a sultry singer in "South Sea Sinner." (The customers always riot.)
Most charming feminine personality (to Gilmour, anyway): Joan Greenwood as Peggy Macroon of Todday, in "Tight Little Island."
Most likeable characterization, male: Edmund Gwenn in "Mister 880."
Best performance by a good actor in a poor picture: Jose Ferrer in "Whirlpool."
Most interesting new leading man: Marlon Brando in "The Men."
Most interesting new villain: Walter Palance in "Panic in the Streets."
Best song-and-dance act: Betty Hutton and Fred Astaire doing "Oh, Them Dudes" in "Let's Dance."
Most exciting movie fight: Stanislaus Zbyszko vs. Mike Mazurki in "Night and the City."

THESE WERE THE WORST

1. "A Life of Her Own."
2. "Cargo to Capetown."
3. "Beyond the Forest."
4. "Madness of the Heart."
5. "Colt .45."
6. "A Kiss for Corliss."
7. "Peggy."
8. "House by the River."
9. "Stromboli."
10. "The Furies."

Worst performance, female: Lana Turner in "A Life of Her Own."
Worst performance, male: Zachary Scott in "Colt .45."



AMONG THE WORST Broderick Crawford (the star of "All the King's Men") this year got wrecked in "Cargo to Capetown."



BEST WESTERN A tough-tender Jimmy Stewart in "Winchester '73" (Universal-International).



BEST FOR KIDS Walt Disney climbed right back on top of the heap with charming "Cinderella."

HOW GILMOUR RATES THE CURRENT SHOWS

All About Eve: Satiric comedy. Tops.
Annie Get Your Gun: Musical. Good.
Asphalt Jungle: Crime. Excellent.
Beaver Valley: Wildlife short. Tops.
Bicycle Thief: Tragi-comedy. Tops.
Black Rose: Costumed drama. Poor.
Blue Lamp: Police thriller. Good.
Breaking Point: Melodrama. Good.
Bright Leaf: Tobacco drama. Fair.
Broken Arrow: Frontier drama. Good.
Champagne for Caesar: Comedy. Fair.
Cinderella: Disney fantasy. Excellent.
City Lights (re-issue): Comedy. Tops.
Comanche Territory: Western. Good.
Convicted: Prison drama. Good.
Copper Canyon: Comic western. Fair.
Crisis: Tropical suspense. Good.
Deported: Crime drama. Fair.
Destination Moon: Space drama. Good.
Fancy Pants: Bob Hope farce. Good.
Father of the Bride: Comedy. Good.
Flame and the Arrow: Costumed swash-buckler plus acrobatics. Fair.
Frightened City: Plague drama. Poor.
The Furies: "Super"-western. Poor.
Glass Mountain: Opera Drama. Fair.
Hasty Heart: Tragi-comedy. Good.
Holy Year 1950: Rome pilgrimage. Fair.
I'll Get By: Musical farce. Fair.
In a Lonely Place: Suspense. Fair.
The Jackpot: Comedy. Good.
Kind Hearts and Coronets: Comedy and murders. Excellent for adults.
Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye: Crime. Fair.
The Lawless: Suspense drama. Good.
Let's Dance: Musical. Good.
The Men: Hospital drama. Excellent.
The Milkman: Durante farce. Good.
Mister 880: Comedy. Excellent.
Morning Departure: Sea drama. Fair.
My Blue Heaven: TV musical. Fair.
Mystery Street: Crime. Excellent.
Night and the City: Crime drama. Good.
No Way Out: Racial drama. Good.
Our Very Own: Family drama. Good.
Panic in the Streets: Crime. Excellent.
Petty Girl: Comedy & music. Good.
Prelude to Fame: Music drama. Good.
Pretty Baby: Comedy. Fair.
Reformer and Redhead: Comedy. Fair.
Riding High: Turf comedy. Good.
Right Cross: Boxing drama. Fair.
711 Ocean Drive: Crime. Fair.
Shadow on the Wall: Suspense. Fair.
Sleeping City: Crime drama. Fair.
So Long at the Fair: Suspense. Fair.
So Young, So Bad: Girls in jail. Fair.
Spy Hunt: Espionage. Fair.
Stage Fright: Comic suspense. Good.
Stars in My Crown: Old West. Fair.
Stella: Screwball comedy. Fair.
Summer Stock: Musical. Good.
Sunset Boulevard: Drama. Tops.
They Were Not Divided: War. Fair.
Tight Little Island: Comedy. Tops.
The Titan: Art documentary. Tops.
Three Came Home: Drama. Good.



In Hartnell gown the Queen meets stars Simmons and Russell.

Son of a London grocer, Hartnell started dress designing in an attic and his friends' mothers and sisters were his first customers. Now he sets the high-fashion world on its ear with the glittering gowns he creates for royalty



He Makes the Queen's Dresses

By IAN McKENZIE



Ex-athlete Hartnell employs 400 to stitch and sell his creations.

NOW that bomb damage has been cleared away and the tiny Regency houses have been gaily repainted and clothing coupons have gone into garbage cans with panties made from parachutes—that square mile of London known as Mayfair again hears the soft rich engine purr of Rolls Royce, Cadillac and Mercedes.

Poker-faced chauffeurs drive leggy American heiresses, sultry Indian maharanees, voluptuous Italian *contessas* and pink English peeresses to the huddled little stores which display the heraldry of high-born clients and are heady with perfumes by Chanel, Rochas and Guerlain.

Bang in the middle of this elegant whirlpool at No. 26 Bruton Street W. I. under the royal coat-of-arms—stands the deep green marble-fronted showroom of Norman Hartnell, the grocer's son who rose to become the Queen's dressmaker.

Norman Bishop Hartnell at 49 is chunky (five feet 10 inches, 170 lbs.) with rocky features and looks like an ex-athlete, which he is. He goes to the races in an old checked cap and trench coat, and at his home in the shadow of Windsor Castle he breeds horses, dogs and homing pigeons and drinks Scotch and soda with the relish of a lusty outdoors man.

But in his gown shop he wears loose suits, aesthetic ties and soft suede shoes and he talks about dresses with the aplomb of a society woman in accents that echo the cynical brittle London of the 20's. Putting the tips of his fingers together or spreading his hands in effervescent gestures he patters, "It's really *too* adorable . . . I think it's so funny!"

He's not as vapid as he pretends.

Opening in an attic in 1925 with a capital of \$900, two seamstresses and one sewing machine he quickly caught the eye of Lady Louis Mountbatten, then the leader of London fashion; became world famous in 1935 when he made the Duchess of Gloucester's wedding trousseau;

Continued on page 22

Exotic models parade Hartnell's collection every afternoon. But he hired detectives to keep Princess Elizabeth's wedding gown secret.





Royal coat-of-arms adorns marble-front showroom at 25 Bruton Street. The Queen called one day.

and in 1938, only 13 years after his debut, was honored as "Dressmaker By Appointment To Her Majesty the Queen."

Butting through the depression and a decade of clothes rationing he built up a business which today employs 400 seamstresses, milliners, furriers, fitters, wardrobe mistresses, dressers, models and saleswomen; produces 1,000 exclusive gowns a year at prices ranging from \$300 to \$5,000, and derives from royalties on Hartnell designs for mass production more than a million dollars a year.

He's won the Nieman Marcus Award and the Palme Académique, American and French "Oscars" for the best fashion designs of the year. He rocked millions of women with the clothes he created for the Queen for her state visits to France in 1938, to the U. S. and Canada in 1939, to South Africa in 1946; and with Princess Elizabeth's wedding gown in 1947.

Hartnell dresses famous women like Viscountess Alexander, wife of Canada's Governor-General, the Marchioness of Willingdon, who also was chataleine at Rideau Hall, and Mrs. Winston Churchill. In sophisticated French motifs he dresses actresses like Toronto-born Beatrice Lillie, Holly-

Hartnell's exclusive designs cost up to \$5,000. Others are mass produced. He's famous for embroidery.

wood's Marlene Dietrich, France's Yvonne Arnaud, and England's Evelyn Laye, Hermione Baddeley and Googie Withers.

A few months ago when Captain Molyneux, the one-eyed English designer, gave up his business in Paris because he's going blind his most important customer, the Duchess of Kent, moved her custom to Hartnell. A celebrated beauty and one of the six best-dressed women in the world the Duchess stamped Hartnell's clothes as the *dernier cri*. Her faithful disciple Princess Margaret followed immediately to Bruton Street, completing Hartnell's corral of the royal younger set and assuring him the attention of world debutantes.

Hartnell's office on the third floor of No. 26 looks like a stage setting. The decor is French Second Empire. The walls are striped black and gold. Alabaster cherubs, knickknacks and urns cover tallboys and little inlaid tables. An Aubusson carpet and a leopard-skin rug are underfoot. A large white marble figure of Princess Pauline Borghesi, Napoleon's sister, reclines half naked on a divan. Hartnell sits behind a gilt and mahogany desk crowded with expensive *bibelots* and lit by two pink-shaded crystal lamps.

Among his pictures is a signed photograph of Princess Elizabeth wearing her wedding gown.

A Fugitive From Fashion

Like other London fashion houses Hartnell holds two official openings a year, in February for spring and summer models and in July for autumn and winter models. The shows go on for 10 days in great secrecy and are staged mainly for fashion writers, artists, photographers and buyers from what Hartnell irreverently calls "the rag trade." Visitors make hard-eyed appraisals as models swish past to soft music, drink cocktails and champagne and depart with the air of conspirators to prepare reports for a palpitating world of fashion.

On week-day afternoons Hartnell's tall seductive-looking models parade his collection for women of wealth and gentle blood who view with a blasé half interest gowns that would cost the average British wage-earner a year's pay.

Hartnell encourages the atmosphere of high intrigue surrounding his latest designs. When fashion spies were fighting to get previews of Elizabeth's wedding gown he entered into the game with glee. He hired four detectives, installed

burglar alarms, frosted his windows and shooed away reporters with mock expressions of terrible wrath. For days he moved around London like a fugitive, jumping from taxicab to taxicab as fashion reporters chased him for interviews. Finally Lord Beaverbrook's Evening Standard helped itself to a scoop by refusing to honor a general release date.

Hartnell works in a studio adjoining his office among paint pots and dummies. Many designers merely drape materials over a living model. But Hartnell paints a life-size sketch of each garment with special attention on embroidery at which he is an acknowledged master. Sometimes he cuts out a piece of material and

Continued on page 34



ALL PHOTOS BY GILBERT A. MILNE



I TAKE MY EARS OFF AT NIGHT



By NORRIS HODGINS as told to ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

ALMOST EVERYONE who has seen a man with one of those neat little buttons in his ear probably has wondered: How the heck does that thing work? Is it any good? Can he really hear with it?

Many of the thousands of Canadians wearing hearing aids are still looked on with the same kind of pained curiosity that used to be reserved for the old-fashioned ear trumpets which you still see occasionally in comic strips.

But the fact is that science has rescued thousands from the special kind of living death which only deaf people can know. A revolution in hearing has been accomplished in a few years so that today deaf people like myself are leading normal useful lives.

Today if you sat a few feet from me and shouted in my bare ear at the top of your lungs I probably wouldn't hear you. For all practical purposes I'm stone deaf. Yet, with my hearing aid—an assembly smaller than a cigarette package, finely wired to a receiver "button" in my ear—I lead a full business and social life. During the past 10 years I've held government posts which called for better-than-average hearing, including that of executive assistant to the Deputy Minister of Agriculture during the war and my present position as director of information in the Department of Agriculture.

Far from being handicapped by deafness, I have learned that a hearing aid gives me advantages over people with normal hearing.

One night a few summers ago a neighboring cottager came to me in alarm because her boy and his chum hadn't returned from a fishing trip. I took her down to the dock, turned my hearing aid up to full volume and was able to tell her that the lost boys were talking at the other side of the lake half a mile away.

In 1940 at a conference held in a hall with particularly poor acoustics I turned up the volume of my aid and summarized for the chairman—a man with acute hearing—statements by delegates at the back of the room.

At a meeting in London, Ont., some years ago the crowd was too big for the convention hall and overflow delegates were directed to a second room where they were to hear the speeches from a loudspeaker. This worked fine until the question period, when the overflow group was unable to hear remarks delivered from the floor of the convention hall. I posted myself near the door of the second room, turned up the volume on my aid, caught the questions in the other room and relayed them to my audience. But I had to remember to flip back my volume to prevent the answers—coming through the loud speaker—from blowing my head off.

Wearing a hearing aid has other advantages. My son, who plays a trombone, is a fervent jazz fan and frequently has a group of pals in for a session. They often have the joint jumping, to use his own words, at a time when I want to sit down and quietly read the paper. But I don't even bother to get out of the room. I simply tune them out and sit there reading in blissful silence.

This man is stone deaf. Yet, with a gadget the size of a cigarette pack and a neat little button in his ear, he has come back from the world of eternal silence to hold down an important government job. And even better, he can tune out riveters, bores, thunder and his son's trombone

I put my aid on after I've shaved in the morning and leave it on until I put it on the night table at bedtime. The only other time it's off is when I'm washing or swimming. When I go to the beach I put the assembly in the pocket of my shorts. When I go into the water I put it in my shoe and leave it on the beach with my glasses.

In simple terms, my hearing aid consists of a microphone to pick up the sounds and a three-tube amplifier to make them intelligible. A tiny assembly that hangs from my neck by a white shoelace underneath my shirt contains the "mike," efficient little vacuum tubes and an A battery and B battery. The only wire is a threadlike affair leading to the receiver or ear button. The receiver snaps like a dome fastener onto a molded plastic form which fits into my ear and provides the necessary snug contact. This apparatus is fitted to the ear on which hearing is least impaired.

You might think a hearing aid would sound to the wearer like a voice over a loudspeaker to a person with normal hearing. But to those who wear them it is a clear natural tone, perhaps because there is nothing to make it sound—by comparison—mechanical. The hearing aid is my ear and to me it represents normal sound. But if I were to change my present set for a new one it would sound strange for a few days.

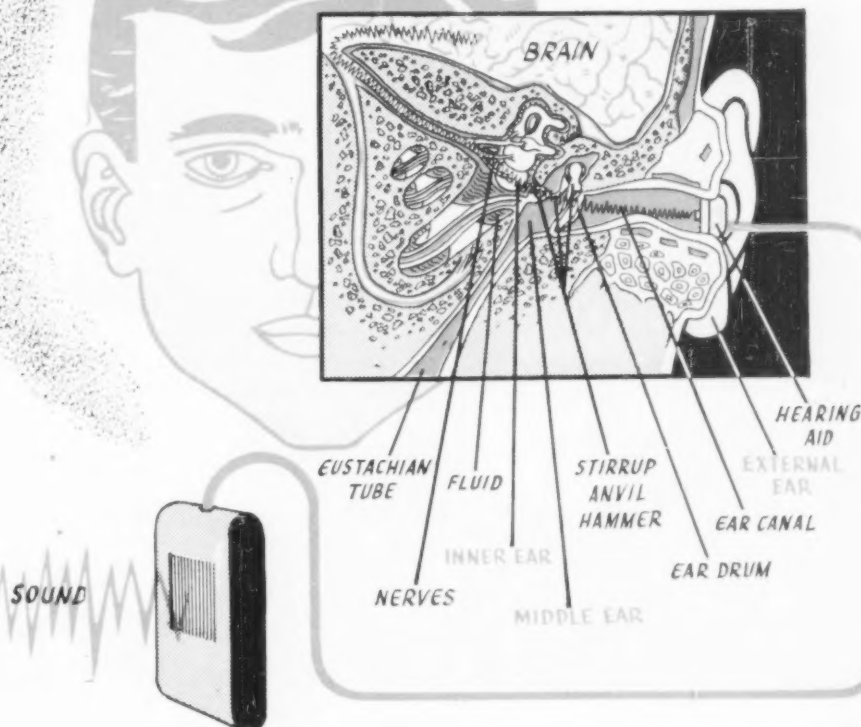
There's a control knob on the assembly which works like the volume control on a radio and which I operate as automatically as the driver uses the clutch on a car. I can bring in whispering speakers comfortably, and rather than say "For heaven's sake, don't shout!" to the folks who start hollering as soon as they see a hearing aid I simply tune them down.

On a train when I'd rather read than listen to a traveling salesman's stories, most of which I heard years ago, I just switch off and I'm alone with my book. By tuning down the volume I can make a six-cylinder jalopy sound like a 16-cylinder limousine. When I'm driving on a washboard road I can make it sound as if I were riding on an advertising writer's prose.

I make good use of my volume control in church. Some preachers have a way of delivering a splendid sermon for 20 minutes, then taking 25 minutes to tell you what they said. I reach for my control as soon as they start repeating themselves.

I sleep like a log. The house could fall and I wouldn't hear it. My wife will sometimes say in the morning: "Wasn't that a terrible thunderstorm last night?" It will be the first I've known that the night wasn't serene and peaceful. When I'm working I can tune out distracting sounds, from a typewriter to a riveting machine. *Continued on page 33*

HOW A HEARING AID WORKS



LEN NORRIS GOES TO A NEW YEAR'S PARTY



A Maclean's Quiz

What Do You Remember of 1950?

IT WAS a big year for Canada, big in events and in human interest. But how much do you remember? Test your memory with these questions—they're mostly about people, and all Canadian.

1. "Operation M.P." brought federal cabinet members to Ottawa by plane and car for an emergency session. They had two major issues to deal with. What were they?

2. What ex-army officer postponed chicken farming to stay in Canada?

3. He ran a want-ad for a job, got one as Canada's first syndicated sports columnist. Who is he?

4. Street lights went on at noon and residents in eastern Canada (even some in Manhattan) talked about a "blue moon." Why?

5. A famous mother helped the British dollar drive and some famous daughters gave a gift to the National Gallery in Ottawa. Identify the mother, the daughters and the gift.

6. A jeweler wanted to marry an "angel," so he killed his wife and 22 others. Who was he?

7. When the Governor-General opened Parliament in February there were nine straight-backed chairs at his feet instead of one leather-covered hassock. Why?

8. American and Canadian combat teams mixed it along a highway, fought colds and frostbite as well. What was the operation and where was it carried out?

9. Royalty in exile lived in it in wartime; now the Leader of the Opposition's got it. Name the house and occupants.

10. Canadians went "down under" stiff competition. They came up in fourth place. Where were they and what for?

11. Only 1826 and 1917 were worse. Water and fire brought two major disasters to Canada last year. What were they and what are they compared with?

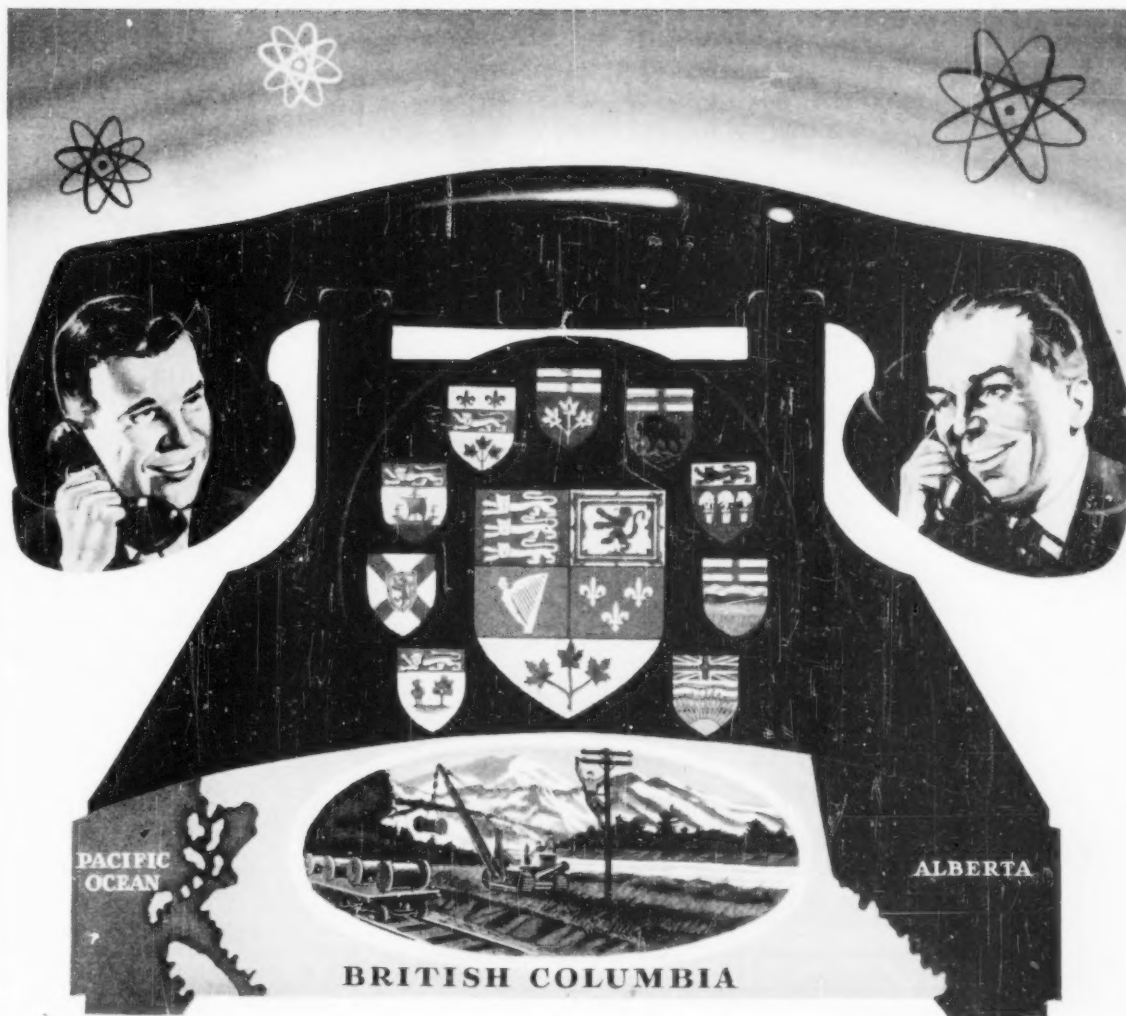
12. What 20,000-ton ship hit a rock in what river?

13. A 17th century nun became the first Canadian to reach the first stage toward becoming a saint. What was her name?

14. A teen-ager became a world champion. It wasn't Barbara Ann. Who was it?

15. What well-known clergyman toured Canada bringing down showers of protest and rotten vegetables? What is his nickname?

Answers on page 43



THE CHALLENGE OF NATURE

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flung across the sharp back of mountain range and over swirling waters.

Despite such difficulties, however, telephone service in British Columbia is advancing at an unprecedented rate. In 1949 alone, sixty new long distance circuits were installed, while the wire in new cables placed by the company would span the country from Atlantic to Pacific 20 times.

It is because this company—and all other units of the TRANS-CANADA SYSTEM—are ready to accept the challenge of nature that they have been able to give Canadians more for less in telephone service than anywhere else in the world.

TRANS-CANADA

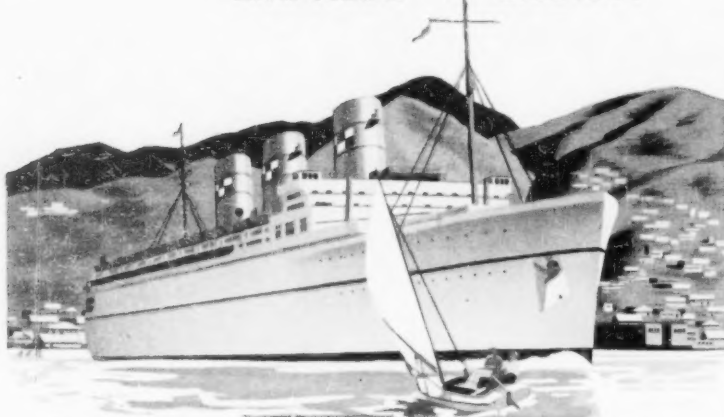


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GARDEN MAGIC

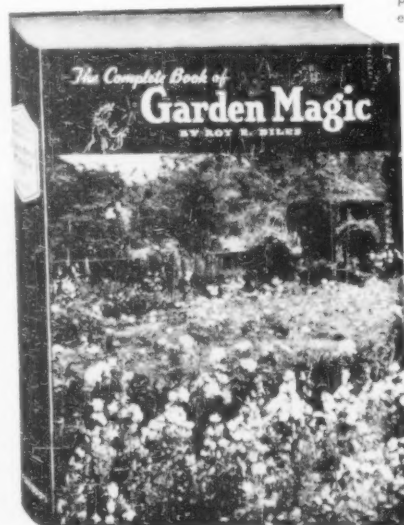
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How to Break Even on Christmas

On his way to the pawnshop with his
tinsel-wrapped loot, Largo stops off to point
out to amateurs that it's
the gift, not the spirit, that counts

By JOHN LARGO

HOW did you make out at Christmas? Soon after the annual battle I interrupted my gift exchanging for the moment and dropped in on a pal of mine whom I shall call Sam. (He hates to be called Sam.) He showed me his collection of Christmas cards. He had them stacked on the mantel, the top of the radio, the sideboard, and the glass cabinet where he keeps his sea shells.

"Sent out 72," Sam said proudly. "Got back 81. How's that for a profit?"

"Sounds good," I said. "But let's see your books."

"Books?"

"Certainly," I said. "How do you know you're ahead on the deal unless you keep books?"

I crossed over to the mantel. "Look," I told him, "here's half a dozen cards that came from the basement in the five-and-ten. Here's a card made out of old wrapping paper. And look at this one from your cousin Hugo. Did you know it was three years old?"

"How do you know?"

"I sent it to Hugo in '49," I explained.

"Why, the low-down cheap skate," Sam snarled. "Sending me a second-hand card!"

"Thirdhand," I said. "I got it from you in '48. But that's the sort of thing you've got to watch out for. Why, probably a dozen of these cards should be written off as a loss. I always figure on a discount of about 15% myself."

"Fifteen per cent," Sam repeated. He was badly shaken.

"Certainly," I said gently. "Sometimes the ink remover won't take out that 'Love from Alec and Janie' they write on the inside. A card like that is a total loss unless you can tear the page out."

"Sometimes," I went on, getting warmed up, "they bend the thing in trying to squeeze it into a cheap envelope. You can't get those wrinkles out with a hot iron. Sometimes you'll get a card with jammy fingerprints all over it, from some youthful loved one. Ever try to get jam off a Christmas card?"

"No," Sam admitted, "I can't say I have."

He thought for a minute. "You mean, even though I got back nine more cards than I sent out, they made a sucker out of me?" He looked about ready to cry.

"Steady, old man," I said, gripping his shoulder. "Chin up. No bitterness, now. Christmas calls for a clear head and all the cold nerve a man has if he doesn't want to find himself nursing an adverse balance of trade."

He gripped my shoulder. (I suppose we looked pretty silly, gripping each other's shoulders, but then it was a rather tense moment.)

"What can I do?" he demanded throatily.

"Cut your losses," I said promptly. "Know anything about stamps?"

He thought. "You lick them?"

"No," I flipped through his collection of envelopes. He had a lot of cards from the States.

"Look," I said in some excitement, "here's a three-cent stamp about the U. S. Coast Guard. Why, any stamp dealer will give you 70 cents a hundred for them."

"I only got the one," Sam pointed out.

"You can save them, can't you?" I demanded. "Here's a three-cent Alfred E. Smith. Fifty-five cents a hundred."

Continued on page 36



In the Editors' Confidence

LAST summer Maclean's articles editor called up James Dugan, one of our New York operatives, and told him we wanted a story about the birth of a song hit.

"Fine, fine," said Dugan, humming a few bars of "White Christmas." "Got just the number for you. Written by a man called Berlin."

"You don't seem to understand, Dugan," our inside man replied coldly. "What we want you to do is to go down Tin Pan Alley and pick up some waif of a song whimpering outside a publisher's office. We want you to pick a song that's virtually unknown now but will be a hit just about the time our magazine with your piece in it hits the newsstands."

"Look," said Dugan. "There's guys down here who've spent a lifetime trying to pick song hits who couldn't do that. What you've asked me to do is harder than picking a seven-horse parley. Harder, even, than an editor's heart."

"Dugan!" said our man in his Sidney Greenstreet-type voice.

"Okay," said the writer and he was gone. When he came back he had "Goodnight Irene" by the hair ribbon.

And by the time our Sept. 15 issue with his story about the song was on the stands Irene was in the top 10. She moved up to the very top in the weeks to come. She moved down, too, but never out of the charmed cluster. As late as the middle of November Irene was coaxing more nickels into more juke boxes than any other item. The television editors of the U. S. recently picked the piece as the best of the year.

And Dugan? Well, he strutted around New York for a while telling people he was going to go into the prophet business full time. He was riding high. Then his Pennsylvania background rose up between him and his better judgment and blurred his vision



James Nesbitt sketched B.C. politicians, now writes about a famous woman painter.

to the point where he picked the Phillies to win the World Series.

"Dugan," our articles editor said to him the other day in his Simon Legree-type voice. "Here's what I want you to do . . ."

"Yes, boss," said Dugan, a beaten man, too chastened to take a guess at the number of days in this New Year.

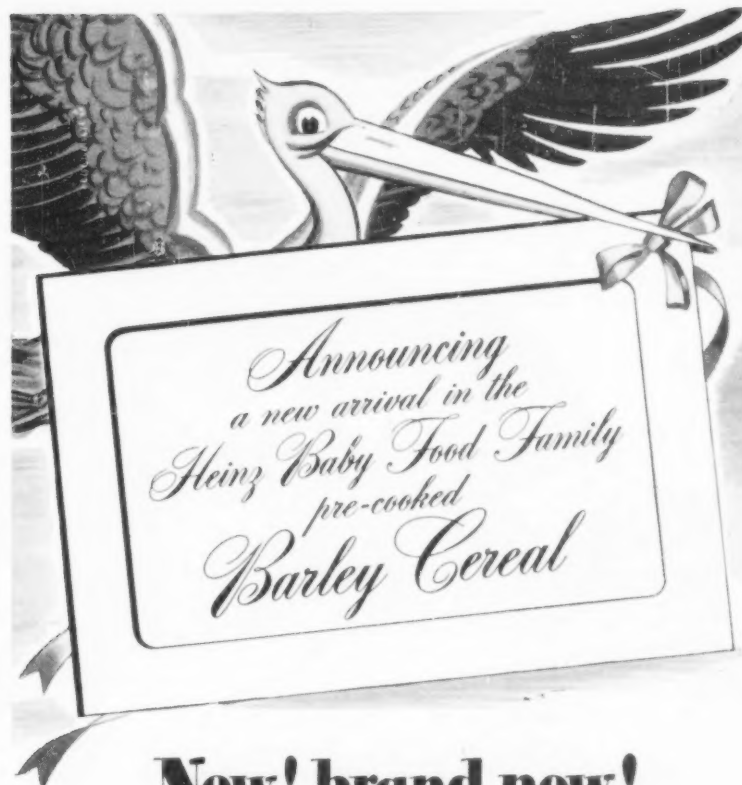
• James Knight Nesbitt was born in Victoria and began his newspaper career with the Times of that city. In 1945 he went to the Legislature as correspondent for the News-Herald of Vancouver and the CBC.

He has done west coast stories for Maclean's in the past. His first was about Tom Uphill, M.L.A., and he followed this with another portrait of a B.C. political figure and fellow reporter, Nancy Hodges, the only woman Speaker in the Commonwealth.

His latest magazine story is the article about the Canadian painter, Emily Carr, on page 12.



REX WOODS used sketches made in Nova Scotia two years ago as the basis of this cover painting. To study the effect of inner light on stained glass he roamed Toronto streets on Sunday evenings and from sketches made of five more churches he achieved this effect. In three previous covers, not for Maclean's, Woods has used this same theme: people in the shadow of war turning to their church to offer prayers for peace. "I find pictures of this kind highly satisfactory to paint," he told us.



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Feature for Feature Finer by Far

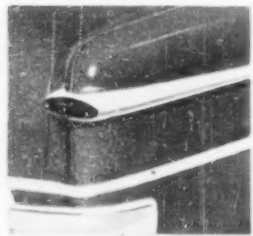
Built for the years ahead . . . that's the thrilling new '51 Ford, with its 43 "look-ahead" features . . . including new "Dual Spinner" Grille, new "Luxury Lounge" interiors, new Automatic Ride Control, improved "Double-Sealed" King-Size Brakes, more economical 100-Hp. V-8 Engine and quality-built Lifeguard body. But new features alone tell only part of the new Ford's quality story! You've got to "Test-Drive" it to know how smooth . . . how quiet . . . how powerful . . . how easy-riding and comfortable this beautiful new Ford really is. Yes, see it, "Test-Drive" it, and you'll agree . . . "Feature for feature, Ford's finer by far!"



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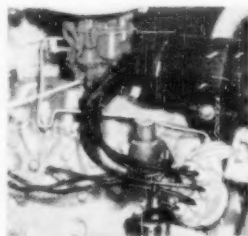
Automatic Posture Control spring-actuated to position and "angle" entire seat for maximum comfort.



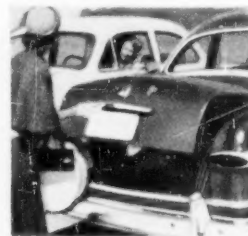
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The Genius We Laughed At

Continued from page 13

gate. "Those socks!" It was a shriek. "You take them away—or take yourself away from my house. I won't have, I won't have, I told you I won't have it, or you."

She shook her fist in the man's face and his glasses fell and shattered. Wu, chattering wildly, fled to the back garden. Then Emily turned the hose on the boarder and he fled, dripping. Next day he moved, muttering that Emily Carr was a madwoman and should be locked up instead of trying to paint and write.

Milly Tore Her Clothes

Perhaps it was because Emily Carr was one of them that Victorians scoffed at her. They wanted her to be reserved and ladylike as becoming a daughter of one of the city's first families. She was born in Victoria, Dec. 13, 1871, of English parents. Her father was a prosperous importer, a solid citizen of business and social standing. Her mother was gentle and delicate and Emily loved her dearly, for the mother understood this child who was so different from her other children, rebellious, dreamy, easily hurt, easily able to hurt. Emily grew up with four sisters and a brother. A sister Alice, now 81 and nearly blind, lives in Victoria.

Emily wrote that a snowstorm raged in Victoria when she was born and that it went into her being with the first flicker of life, never lulled in all the years, and that always she was fighting it.

They called her Milly and she was a troublesome child. She tore her clothes climbing fences and trees. She talked to the cows and got dirty in the barn. She was saucy. There was much scolding from older sisters whom she humiliated in public. Milly created friction all her life. Her moods changed rapidly from nice to nasty.

She was called pretty as a young woman. The violets she wore at her throat accented the distant dreamy look that came to her eyes and turned them smoky purple in the midst of the most down-to-earth talk.

Even in her later years she retained some of her early beauty. Her hands were delicate and at the same time strong. Her feet were small and graceful, surprising in a woman of squarish build. Her eyebrows, heavy and arched, gave her an Oriental look.

Her mother died when she was 12, her father two years later. With the money they left her she went alone to San Francisco to study art. Later, in 1900 and again in 1910, she went to Europe and studied in London and Paris. She never mentioned her teachers, except Henry Gibbs in Paris.

On her first visit to England she suffered long periods of depression. She wrote that a suitor followed her to London and implored her to return to Canada to marry him. She refused. Her work, she said, was more important.

No one has been able to explain the "love" she mentions in her writings. She wrote that she found love more than half pain, that her love went where it wasn't wanted, that a great love was offered but she couldn't respond and so couldn't accept. But she was never specific.

All her life she was terribly lonely. It wasn't company she wanted. She craved a kinship with another soul. She must have had such a kinship somewhere and once having tasted it, she could do with nothing less.

The first English trip she suffered a nervous breakdown and spent 18

months in a sanitarium, often praying she would die. She left England without good-byes to friends. On her return to Canada she sold newspaper cartoons and taught art in Victoria. As an art teacher she was short with children, crushingly sarcastic if they copied instead of creating. Work, work, work—create, create, create, no matter what—that was her way. "Don't talk about it," she would say abruptly. "Chit-chat never accomplished anything."

On her second trip abroad, in 1910, she studied and learned a good deal. Back from Europe she tried teaching in Vancouver. Vancouver's social set and the art crowd scoffed at her, because she wouldn't conform. She never conformed. Only recently a Victorian looked at a charcoal sketch she had done of her father before she was 14. "Now that's fine," he said. "If Emily Carr had stuck with that kind of painting instead of painting the junk she did I'd admire her."

But Emily was never satisfied with mere photographic art. She wanted to paint what she felt, and she did. Her sweeping canvases of the woods, vast and changing as she saw them, make her known today. In the forest she saw movement all around her. Trees danced for Emily Carr and so she made them dance in her paintings. Gangling treetops were ballet dancers bowing to Nature. To her nothing in Nature was ever still. Her forest paintings show the British Columbia woods lush and terrifying in their loneliness, tumbled, gigantic and chaotic.

Once she tried to start an art gallery in Victoria but she got no support.

In 1913 she said she was through with painting. She would be a landlady. There was a rasping laugh in her throat when she said it, but she built a boardinghouse in Victoria. She bred English sheepdogs to bring in a few more dollars.

After her landlady days she lived by herself and she did a staggering number of canvases. In her final years she went to Alice's house where the two sisters had separate apartments. Emily was so determined to remain independent that she placed a sign on the gate: "For Miss Alice Carr take the path to the right. For Miss Emily Carr

take the gravel path to the left."

As the nature she loved was impatient, she too was impatient. When she wanted a picture frame she tore a picket from her garden fence and made one. She could make a lampshade from an oil can. She drove nails like a carpenter. She hauled pebbles from the beach for her studio yard. She buried her dead dogs herself, trundling them to the beach by wheelbarrow.

A Peacock Would Perform

She called animals her creatures and she said they were more loyal than humans. Each night she recited "This little pig went to market" to her monkey Wu and she sang lullabies until Wu fell asleep in her arms.

Her sister Alice recalls Emily's animals. She says: "I'll never forget that awful winter when Milly was in hospital and I had to go to her house each day and look after a monkey, parrot, five dogs, chickens, canaries, chipmunks, squirrels and a white rat. Oooh—that white rat! Milly let the thing crawl around her neck and lick her throat. How could she?"

No one ever understood this frenzied devotion to animals. Emily Carr had some affinity with them. A peacock from nearby Beacon Park each day spread his feathers on the sills of Emily's studio. Gulls from the sea flapped screeching against her door.

Many said Emily was bitter because Victoria wouldn't accept her paintings. It was not that. She didn't like being rebuffed but she had a sense of humor that made her laugh at those who said her paintings were queer and looked like children's blobs.

"I paint what I see the only way I see it in the only way I know," she would snap. "I don't care what people think. I know lots of people hate my work. I can't help that. I'm trying to express something I feel, to satisfy myself."

Orthodox Victoria never approved this walking riddle of a woman whose spirit was often violent, whose words flowed hot and uncontrolled, who splashed paint until it glowed with life. Victoria turned noses up and thumbs down on the work of Emily Carr.

Often she found relief in lonely

Indian villages, sketching totem poles. She traveled by dugout canoe, smelly gasboat, horseback—a dog always with her. She made friends with the Indians. They called her "the laughing one." She understood them and they her. When they grunted she grunted back. Words weren't necessary. She was devoted to a drunken, heartbroken Indian woman named Sophie, who had lost all her many children. Sophie and Emily cried for hours together on the small graves. Emily painted Sophie's picture. It remained at the head of Emily's bed for the remainder of her life.

Her boarders walked on eggshells, but it was interesting too. Besides, Emily could cook. Curried sausage was her specialty.

One of the boarders Emily didn't argue with was a young Englishman, Philip Amsden. She gave him her devotion and it was returned. There were 30 years between them but Amsden says that in her company he was never aware of it. Emily mothered him. His presence comforted her. Yet when he became engaged and asked if he could bring his fiancée to meet her she snapped: "Certainly not! I don't care to meet her."

She Scribbled in Bed

After a turbulent day washing dishes, making beds, stoking the furnace; fixing leaky pipes, nursing sick dogs and cooking stews Emily climbed the narrow stairs to her attic studio and painted, or went to bed to scribble in her journals. She said if it wasn't for her daubings all the pieces that made her would fly apart and she could never put them together again.

Restless as the woods and clouds that she painted, Emily Carr went through her landlady days hating them. She was convinced she was through as an artist. She painted only to find refuge from the lumps of emptiness that knotted her life.

And she scribbled. She never told anyone she wanted to write a book. She said she scribbled to amuse herself. Once she visited a friend, carrying a large canvas bag. The friend imagined it contained knitting. Years later Emily confessed that her scribbles were in the bag but her courage failed when it came to reading them.

Her spelling was atrocious and she had no idea of punctuation. She spelled "orthodox" as "authordox" and "slippery" with one "p". But in 1941 she won the Governor-General's Award with her first book, "Klee Wyck."

Her writing was successful with the public before her painting. Recognition first came for her canvases in 1927. Suddenly, to her astonishment, the Group of Seven—noted eastern Canadian artists—discovered her. They were amazed at the magnitude of her work, its originality. They encouraged her. The group's interest gave her new life. She was not old after all—just 56.

The Group of Seven invited her to Toronto and she made three short trips there, excited as a college girl. She returned to Victoria to start the paintings that brought her acclaim in death.

"I Hate Reporters!"

With her new confidence she said Canadian painters must no longer pay attention to Old World art. "We are through with the old sentimental ditties; we are through with the old sentimental canvases. It is no sin if you do not like creative art, but you do not have to ridicule it. Just ignore it. It's better to be a street sweeper, a charwoman or a boardinghouse keeper than to starve one's soul."

Newspapers by this time were paying



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some attention to her. In 1940 reporter Elizabeth Ruggles interviewed her for the Victoria Times. Emily quickly tired. "What does it matter if I keep monkeys or am fat or thin or stand on my head?" she asked.

Miss Ruggles asked about the Carr family. "What's that to do with my painting?" croaked Emily. "It's my own life and my own secret. This poking around to find out what you had for breakfast, what you call your car. I hate it. I hate reporters."

Unnerved, Miss Ruggles pointed to the sunset, suggested Miss Carr paint it. "Never," said Emily Carr. "That's one thing I'll never paint. Sunsets on canvas look like broken eggs."

She didn't like publicity. When the National Film Board wanted pictures of her at work, she stormed: "I'd just as soon be filmed at my prayers or in my bath."

Ira Dilworth, head of CBC's International Service in Montreal, then living in Vancouver, was Emily Carr's closest friend in her last years. He edited her books. She called him "Dear Eye." He once called her "a ruthless, selfish and bad-tempered old woman." But he says, "I have seen her become incandescent with enthusiasm for another's work. I've seen her gentleness to an old woman, to an animal; and I'm convinced that Emily Carr was a great genius."

As she saw her books begin to sell and her paintings gain in notice, Emily willed the money from her work to set up scholarships to encourage B. C. art. Her estate was probated at \$24,000 but today it is worth much more.

She was plagued most of her life by poor health. Heart disease crippled her in later years but she was never angered by this. When she felt unwell she hummed a ditty: "I'm not very

long for this world, my white wings will soon be unfurled. Old Peter will say, hoo-rip and hoo-ray, for Millie is coming today."

Growing weaker with the years, she had increasing surges of creation. She stole away from her doctor and her sister into the woods to paint and so exhausted herself she had to take to bed. In 1941, nearing 70, she lived by herself in the forest and did 15 giant canvases in a week. The movement she saw in nature was more stupendous than ever, and stupendously she portrayed it. In 1942 she did her last canvas, "The Clearing," which is the frontispiece of "Growing Pains." She gave it to Ira Dilworth.

The Forest Was Calling

She bought an old trailer in those last years. A taxi hauled her to the woods and left her with her monkey and chipmunks, a white rat, a dog, a copy of Walt Whitman's poems. She painted all day, wrote into the dawn. She cooked sparse meals on a camp fire and slept little. She knew there was not much time.

Not long before her death she was staying with Ira Dilworth and his mother in Vancouver. One morning she announced: "I must go home today and go into the forest again. The forest still has something to say to me, and I must be there to hear."

Her doctor warned her not to go and her sister and friends added their arguments too. But Emily went back to the forest to put on canvas those "startling, vivid sweeps of swirling movement."

Defiantly, she said: "I don't want to trickle out. I want to pour until the pail is empty—the last going out in a gush, not in drops." ★

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1900—It wasn't only Grandma's cooking that drew the crowds. She had the first aluminum saucepan in town! In many other Canadian homes, too, this was the beginning of a bright, new era of better cooking utensils.

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The Sergeant-Major

Continued from page 15

"His voice of command," says one sergeant, "has made me forget shell fire." Says another: "It hits your spine like an electric shock. You jump to what he wants and stay there." A squadron sergeant-major says: "When he called a parade once I saw birds scatter, a milk wagon horse shy, and a passing padre fall off his bike." A regimental quartermaster sergeant says: "I've served with him for 20 years and never heard him tell a parade to stand still. It just doesn't move."

Heinrich is in the permanent army, a small, highly trained group specializing in all arms, operating as the framework on which to build a wartime force if required. Most of the men joining the permanent force would become non-commissioned officers and officers in an emergency.

Education standards have been relaxed since the Korea war touched off a world-wide alarm but you still need a sharp brain, healthy body and sturdy character to qualify for Canada's Army. And these modern volunteers won't be pushed around. The fuming, strutting thigh-whacking RSM is as dated as Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads." Men like Heinrich, who demand and get perfection with a word or a glance, are teaching discipline to the Army's fighters.

"A soldier's job," Heinrich tells his lance corporals, "is not shouting. It's shooting."

A Warrant Officer I (regimental sergeant-major) holds the highest non-commissioned rank in the Army except for an obscure category known as director of ordnance. The rank immediately below the RSM is the regimental quartermaster sergeant. Then come the company or squadron sergeant-majors who are designated Warrant Officers II. Below them are the sergeants, corporals and lance corporals, always referred to as NCOs (non-commissioned officers).

The RSM is the only man without a commission who wears an officer's-quality uniform. His insignia, worn on the wrist or lower sleeve, is a lion and unicorn in a laurel wreath.

Like an officer he carries a pistol and wears a Sam Browne belt. He can win the Military Cross, a decoration otherwise exclusive to officers. He gets more pay than a second lieutenant. But he is not entitled to a salute nor the privilege of the officers' mess. The RSM is the grand master of the sergeants' mess which, because it includes the unit's quartermasters and sergeant-cooks, is generally the best place to eat in camp.

He Cherishes His Corporals

The RSM's job in battle is to bring up extra gasoline and ammunition but in training it's actually much more important. He's responsible to the CO for discipline and when the real test of a unit comes in battle only willing discipline holds it together as a unified fighting force. RSMs of units disgraced in battle have been known to shoot themselves from humiliation and shame.

Heinrich directs the morale of his unit and stands in delicate balance as a bridge and bulwark between the officers and other ranks. He preserves discipline by example to the WOs and NCOs, who pass on his bearing to the troops. Like all good RSMs, Heinrich cherishes his corporals and lance corporals in the same way a smart fight manager encourages a promising boxer.

"Lord love me, but the lance corporal

has the toughest job in the army," he says from his long experience in a fighting and a peacetime army.

The commanding officer of most units is a lieutenant-colonel, who exercises control through two chains of authority. His link with the commissioned officers is the adjutant (a captain). His link with the WOs and NCOs is the RSM. Apart from the second-in-command (a major) the adjutant and RSM are the only two men in a unit with direct access to the CO. All other officers and soldiers wishing to see the CO must first pass through one of these three.

Heinrich's manner to company sergeant majors, sergeants, corporals and lance corporals parallels that of a lieutenant-colonel to majors, captains, lieuts. and 2nd lieuts.

Heinrich addresses corporals and lance corporals by their rank at all times. In his sergeants' mess, however, he addresses WOs and sergeants by their christian names. By all ranks up to his own, on and off parade, Heinrich is addressed "Sir." By other RSMs and by all officers he is addressed "Mister."

A Haircut for the Loot

He gives officers "Sir" at all times, even the newest baby-faced subaltern. But there are subtle graduations in Heinrich's relations with officers. With those up to the rank of captain he can afford to be easy, even jocular. They have to handle him softly.

Although he would find no support for such action in "King's Rules and Regulations," tradition decrees it's his duty to drop hints to the CO like this:

"I suggest, Sir, that 2nd Lieut. Sabre might be reminded it's time he got a haircut."

"I have noticed, Sir, that Captain Breechblock is inclined to keep the men at attention too long."

To Heinrich, however, majors and their superiors can do no wrong. Once when the 5th Division was training in England the regiment became resentful after a series of 10-mile runs in full equipment. At the end of one exhausting course the men booed the CO.

"Silence!" cried Heinrich. The booing ceased.

The CO told the men if ever they did that again they'd suffer. Heinrich, his face pulsing with emotion (the insubordination, he felt, was a reflection on his own capacity), told a brother WO: "If the CO had left them to me I'd have started them on another run. Then I'd have drilled 'em until I bored 'em into the ground."

In Italy Heinrich saw an officer of the 1st Division fighting with a trooper of the 5th Division. There was rivalry between the divisions because the 1st had been in action longer. To see this expressed in fistcuffs by two men whose ranks were poles apart made Heinrich quiver. There was no other commissioned officer in sight so he was forced to infringe regulations by ordering hands laid on a superior.

He ordered the officer thrown into a guardroom and then signaled the man's unit to collect him. A captain presented himself and enquired coldly, "Do you normally put an officer in the guardroom?"

"In my unit, Sir," Heinrich replied with savage emphasis on the pronoun, "the problem never arises."

Takes Cover With Dignity

Heinrich dislikes checking a man personally. He'd rather do it through the man's lance jack. But sometimes he's driven to the direct approach. A soldier who served in the Strathcona Horse during the war shook Heinrich by growing sideburns. He told the

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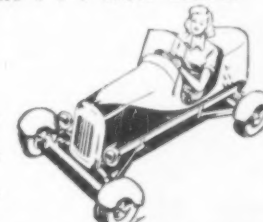
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man to get a haircut in such terms that next day he appeared on parade with his head shaven.

A rigid believer in the dictum—"Never tell a man to do what you couldn't do yourself"—Heinrich groaned once in a forward area at the efforts of a trooper on sanitation duty to dig a latrine. He seized the shovel and dug it himself. As he finished the hole the enemy suddenly started shelling and it served him for a slit trench.

There is something inglorious about scuttling for a slit trench but Heinrich was famed for the way he dignified the manoeuvre. He would walk casually in the direction of his slit trench, staring at the sky as if interested in the source of the fire and then, seemingly by accident, fall in.

At a tank harbor in Italy he fell into his slit trench on top of two men who'd got there before him, climbed out again, sauntered over to a truck, took shelter and saw 35 men and 16 officers killed or maimed by German mortar near the trench he'd left.

Heinrich has a fine sense of humor, but once it boomeranged. He jokingly told a war correspondent who was getting stories about local lads for western Canada newspapers that he owned 5,000 head of cattle and an Alberta ranch. The story was printed. Heinrich got scores of excited letters from friends and relatives. From his wife came the terse comment: "So you've been holding out on me!"

When he was posted from Calgary a few months ago to the Royal Canadian Armored Corps School at Camp Borden, 60 miles northwest of Toronto, Heinrich had to sell his house, break with old comrades, tear his wife away from relatives, change his son's school at the tricky age of 11. All he said was "Yessir," and got moving.

He went to a huge stretch of open country 15 miles from Barrie. The white HQ building at Camp Borden dominates miles of drill halls, classrooms, gay little houses for married personnel and lines of single men's huts. Parade squares, lawns and flower beds are intersected by roads and ornamented with war memorials, enemy tanks and white flagstaves.

This is the basic training centre in which many Army branches run their training schools. Regimental Sergeant-Major Heinrich was ordered to Camp Borden to indoctrinate recruits with the spirit of the Armored Corps and to maintain discipline among trained tank gunners, signalers and drivers. But recruits in all other branches of the Army will see him—and when they pass him they'll march to attention.

A day's work with Heinrich is like a one-man route march. After first parade he returns to his office near the orderly room and draws up the next day's orders, detailing guards, working parties and parades for the adjutant's signature. He thinks up ways of keeping defaulters busy—floor scrubbing, furniture polishing, potato peeling, paper picking up, whitewashing.

Then he parades men accused of misconduct for the CO's office. "Cap off! Belt off! Escort and accused, right turn! Quick march! Right wheel! Mark time! Halt! Escort and accused, left turn! 1234567 Private Bundock, J. Absent without leave from 1600 hours on the . . ." The door closes on the sheepish solemnity of military justice.

Later Heinrich steps out to watch recruits taking lessons on rifle, Bren, Piat, grenades, mines and booby traps. Junior NCOs raise their voices to impress him. Recruits sneak a timid peek at him from the corners of their eyes. Heinrich may call the NCO and point out some man who appears to be

daydreaming. But he never bawls out an NCO in front of the men.

He prowls around cookhouses, wash-rooms and billets. In the single men's quarters each iron cot has snowy sheets and scarlet blankets. A small square object above each pillow seems to humiliate Heinrich.

"Bed lamps!" he mutters. "Holy smoke, what is the Army coming to? Bed lamps!"

At noon he goes home for lunch. Mrs. Heinrich is pleased with her sparkling, modern, five-room Army house. She does her own shopping in camp. There are two movies, a swimming pool, hobby shop and schools. She's a pretty alert dark-haired young woman, conscious of her place as leader in sergeants' mess society.

Heinrich's pay is \$156 a month plus \$70 a month subsistence allowance and \$30 a month marriage allowance—a total of \$256. The family's overhead is cut by its reasonable \$60 a month rent. Houses for all ranks are much the same. Rents rise according to rank.

By 1.30 p.m. Heinrich is back in the lines. He usually makes a tour of the school where trained soldiers take advanced courses.

Heinrich is not expected to know as much as the instructors but he knows enough to be able to tell whether they're doing their job.



Christmas Tree Discarded

This was the tree which stoutly stood
Beside a winter brook.
This was the tree whose living wood
And branches bravely took
The chilling burden of the snow,
The agony of frost,
Only a month of weeks ago.
And now, abandoned, lost,
It keeps the company of trash
Discarded and unclean,
And wears a tarnished tinsel sash
About its docile green.

—Martha Banning Thomas.

Most nights Heinrich drops into the sergeants' mess. His aloofness on parade gives way to conviviality and hearty humor. If the evening passes gaily he may stretch a point and order the bar to stay open. He rarely drinks spirits but loves beer. Early in his service at Camp Borden after a night in the mess he got lost in the maze of pathways, aroused a sergeant at 3 a.m. for directions to his home. Next week the camp newspaper suggested he get the engineers to draw an illuminated path between the sergeants' mess and the Heinrich front door. Heinrich was not amused.

He doesn't mind rough language in

the mess but abominates dirty language. One night he kept score while a sergeant belabored the soldiers' favorite expletive. "In the last five minutes," he said, "you've used that word 35 times. They tell me it's a sign of an impoverished vocabulary."

Heinrich was born in Walsh, Alta., in 1910 of German immigrant farmer parents. He grew up bilingual in English and German, and Canadian to the core. World War I was in progress when he started school and his name brought him constant insults. How to show that he was a real Canadian?

He hated farming. He ran away from home at 16, worked in a box factory in California. When he was 18 and eligible he returned to Canada and joined the Army.

In less than four years he was promoted to lance corporal after a spell as trumpeter. "In those days," he says, "a lance corporal was feared more than the brigadier."

In 1938 after nine years' service he was promoted to sergeant—a record in a regiment where at least 14 years of peacetime service was expected of a three striper. He became a squadron sergeant-major in 1940, went overseas with the 5th Division and in 1942 attained his present rank.

Heinrich's discipline was tested during the long wait in England. A squadron of tank drivers mysteriously vanished. He toured pubs looking for them. A driver tried to stop him by tearing the spark plug leads out of his truck. When he tracked down the men to the Blue Lion one private bawled, "Come on, Sir, have a drink!" Heinrich stood in the door of the pub staring at the party. The noise subsided. "Get out!" snapped Heinrich. The pub cleared at once.

Before one English Christmas he kept his sergeants busy making mechanical toys for local children and at the subsequent party surprised his NCOs by his affection for the youngsters.

He grew a huge handlebar mustache on the British pattern for a hobby. "In wartime," he says, "the mustache is the soldier's garden." When he brought his mustache home Mrs. Heinrich told him sharply to stick to petunias.

At one time in England he thought of changing his German name because the jibes still hurt. But an officer who'd fought and been wounded in Africa told him: "Whatever their politics the Germans are great soldiers and clean fighters. You've nothing to be ashamed of."

With his perfect knowledge of German, Heinrich could have applied for a commission in the Intelligence Corps and probably got it. But he stayed right behind the tanks at Ortona, through the Hitler line and in the great break-through up the Liri Valley which relieved Anzio and opened the doors to Rome. He was right behind the tanks in Holland where he shouted in German to Nazi troops holed up in a cemetery: "Don't be fools. Come on out. You know you're beaten." With these words he averted a bloody skirmish.

Later he walked up a red carpet to a dais in Buckingham Palace to receive the M.B.E., trying to remember in a heady whirl of string music not to squeeze too hard when he shook hands with the King.

Heinrich's young lance corporals have almost lost hope they'll ever see the day when he'll blow his top on parade but it's a prospect they like to discuss.

"There's only one way to explode him," one of them suggested.

"What's that?" his buddy asked.

"By calling him a Hun?"

"No, but try calling him Sam." ★

I Take My Ears Off

Continued from page 23

Sometimes I tune myself out a little too completely. Once I was at my desk and I looked up to see a stranger apparently yammering wordlessly—and furiously. A twiddle of my control brought me into the middle of a sentence and I spent the next few seconds trying to convince a thoroughly angry caller that I hadn't purposely snubbed him and trying to guess at the previous installment of his remarks.

Another thing that's apt to give a stranger a start is to see me answer the phone. My "ear" is on my chest and when I answer a phone I put the receiver on my wishbone. Anyone who doesn't know what I'm doing is likely to start looking around for the nearest exit. Incidentally, I don't like a cradle phone. Trying to get my head down to my chest or shifting the phone rapidly between chest and head makes me feel either like a contortionist or a juggler.

There are, of course, a few slight inconveniences to wearing an aid. I can't detect direction of sound. If I were berry picking and somebody shouted "Bear!" I'd probably race right into the animal's arms. If I'm walking along the street and a pneumatic cement breaker starts beside me I have to move fast to cut down the volume. Teas and cocktail parties are perhaps worst of all. A person with normal hearing is able to concentrate his hearing on one person at a time. I hear everybody in the room at once—with almost equal volume—and the general effect is confusing.

Progressive deafness like mine happens so gradually that it's hard to say when it begins. I experienced no aches, no strange noises in my head, no nausea. It took the form of nothing more startling than a growing sense of tranquillity, though I learned that this was not always shared by members of my family who had to make themselves heard. I was one of those deaf people who added to the confusion and to everyone's irritability by pretending to hear when they don't.

I first began to have difficulty with my hearing about 12 years ago when I was teaching at Macdonald College, McGill University. But when I became secretary of the Agricultural Supplies Board at the start of World War II my troubles really started. It was my job to keep an accurate record of daily discussions by the board. Sometimes I'd be trying to catch the remarks of men who might be talking out of the corners of their mouths or talking and smoking a pipe at the same time.

Let me say right here: if you're talking to a deaf person enunciate clearly and turn your head toward him when you speak; most deaf people do some lip reading. If he fails to catch what you've said, raise your voice slightly and repeat. But don't shout. It's like a slap in the face to a deaf person.

Between pretending to hear when I didn't, trying to decipher remarks that people with normal hearing couldn't have caught, and having to go to the members after the meetings and ask what they said—I lost 10 pounds. I became nervous and irritable to the point where I finally decided to do something about it.

My first doctor said my trouble was catarrhal. He put me on a diet and had me come in twice a week to "have my ears blown out" (to open the Eustachian tubes). When this brought no change I suggested getting a hearing aid. The doctor said I'd be wasting money, that it wouldn't help my type of deafness. But I refused to give up. My second specialist found no signs

of catarrh. He diagnosed my trouble as otosclerosis or hardening of the bones of the ear, by far the most common type of deafness among adults. Not only did he encourage me to try a hearing aid—he helped me select one.

I stress these experiences, not to damn or praise the medical profession but to suggest that deaf people shouldn't give up hope at the first discouraging report. (Incidentally, there are, I understand, a few types of nerve deafness that probably can't be helped by a hearing aid.)

My hearing aid selected, I went home. As I sat in the living room that evening twiddling the controls, I heard something I hadn't heard for years. I heard a robin. It was an experience that was to mark a big change in my life. I got up and crossed the room to the window and I heard something else that I hadn't heard for years. I heard the sound of my heels on the floor. I began to realize then how much I'd been missing.

But I had a lot to learn. Hearing aids in those days were fearful and wonderful contraptions with microphones concealed beneath ties, assemblies the size of the breastplate worn in the Crusades, sundry batteries distributed about the wearer's person in packs the size of those used in portable radios.

The first night I wore my hearing aid a poker fell to the floor in front of the fireplace and I almost went through the ceiling. For weeks the sudden tapping of a typewriter, rustle of a newspaper, even the sound of my own voice would make me jump. And I found I had lost the skill of hearing. When hearing becomes too great an effort it's a natural tendency to sink farther and farther into a shell of silence. You forget *how* to hear. I had to learn to hear all over again.

Most people think of a hearing aid simply as a mechanical means to communicate with their fellows but it's a lot more important than that. We live by our senses. I found that suddenly I had another one. I began to enjoy again the voices of my family. I could hear train whistles, crickets, the rustle of autumn leaves. I began to live all over again.

I'm no ear doctor and I have no financial interest in any hearing aid. In my 11 years of wearing an aid, however, I have come to the conclusion that a lot of other deaf people are needlessly depriving themselves of pleasure by "putting up with" their deafness. I learned about these aids the hard way. Maybe I can pass on some information that will help others.

There are about 16 hearing aids on the market in Canada, varying slightly in cost, quality and performance but all operating roughly on the same principle. They have been developed to a point of efficiency and appearance that makes it downright personal neglect for anyone with deficient hearing not to try them.

In straight dollars and cents, I figure it costs me between six and seven dollars a month to hear. My battery costs, plus repairs, are about \$50 a year (I'm hard on batteries since I often discard them before they're fully used). I allow \$25 to \$30 a year toward the purchase of a new aid every five years (a trade value is allowed on old sets), so the total cost of a set is \$75 to \$80 a year. This, by the way, can be deducted in income tax returns.

Many people with new hearing aids expect too much from them right away. I know one elderly woman who got a hearing aid and was asked how she liked it. "The dang thing's no good," she said. "I keep hearing a ticking sound." What she was hearing was the living room clock which she hadn't heard for years. ★

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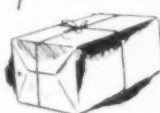
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WOMAN IN QUESTION, with a new thriller technique, is now under study by the motion picture specialists. Five witnesses describe a murdered woman as they knew her. They are describing five different women—all of them played by Jean Kent. Scotland's leading actor, Duncan Macrae, new to films, is the detective as was another famous Scot, Alastair Sim, in another famous thriller, GREEN FOR DANGER.

★ ★ ★

Strictly in the field of escapist amusement, Jean Kent is also the reluctant widow of RELUCTANT WIDOW, dated in the days of Waterloo and indicating once again, that some pages from history are much too gaudy and swashbuckling for the schoolbooks.

★ ★ ★

The thriller, however, which is creating extra advance interest in an excellent approaching season for such fare, is CLOUDED YELLOW. This has Jean Simmons as well as Trevor Howard. Part-mystery, part-action, part-adventure, it is the latest work of expert Eric Ambler.

★ ★ ★

Why titles change: A screening room jury of Canadians watched an outdoor action story of Australia with aborigines and kangaroos and sheep. It was called BITTER SPRINGS. They liked the film. They did not like the title. It is now called SAVAGE JUSTICE. This title, they like.

★ ★ ★

On the comedy front, the CHILTERN HUNDREDS' collaborators including Cecil Parker are back together again. Their combined efforts entitled TONY DRAWS A HORSE, make as much of a shambles of the first stage of matrimony as their earlier one did of politics.

To be sure you see these fine films, ask for playdates at your local theatre.

An  Release

The Queen's Dressmaker

Continued from page 22

pins it on a sketch to be certain the color matches.

He draws heavily on history in his designs. His crinolines for the Queen have been inspired mainly by ancestral paintings in Buckingham Palace.

Hartnell insists that when he makes gowns for the Queen he merely designs what she tells him. "The Queen has no wish to be a leader of fashion," he says. "She dresses to please herself. She tells me what she would like and I make it for her."

Designing clothes for the royal tour of Canada and United States in 1939 he had to consider extremes of temperature. Since the Queen spent most of her time in a railroad car stopping at wayside stations her wardrobe had to be more practical than Hartnell wished. But the white satin with gold pearls she wore at the opening of parliament in Ottawa was a glittering regal creation. The Queen gave it to Canada as a memento and it's now on display in the Royal Ontario Museum.

During the war the Queen dressed in quiet shades—dark brown, bottle green or iron grey. But it was found she couldn't be seen at a distance in these colors so the designer returned to her favorite pinks and blues, compromising by making them dusty pink and dusty blue.

They Picked the Worst Picture

Hartnell says it's a pity the Queen and Princess Elizabeth are photographed in public mostly in the daytime when they look their best in evening clothes.

A suggestion by the Queen is believed to have led Hartnell into his wartime assignment of designing service women's uniforms and utility clothes for women civilians. After the Queen mentioned that Hartnell-designed clothes would prove attractive in cloth-short Britain the Ministry of Supply commissioned him to design uniforms. Then, co-operating with an engineer, he mass-produced civilian women's gowns at low controlled prices.

His utility clothes became known for "elegant austerity." One of his garments involved only eight minutes of hand labor. He says austerity did much to improve taste. Today millions of women on both sides of the Atlantic wear Hartnell designs produced by other firms for wholesalers.

Hartnell designs for the Queen have been widely admired but there has been criticism too. A few months ago London's tabloid Sunday Pictorial published a picture of the Queen in an odd-looking flowered frock and feathered hat and demanded: "Who is responsible for dressing the Queen like this?"

It was no secret. Hartnell, who has been needled before by the Press, says: "They deliberately picked out the worst picture taken that day. Everybody photographs badly at some time."

But Princess Elizabeth's wedding gown won this accolade from a London fashion expert: "In its design Hartnell had probably reached the peak of his ability. It is a creation that needs the background of the Abbey, the splendor of the ceremony and a princess to wear it. Without such majesty of setting it would be merely theatrical. Hartnell could not have made it for any of his other clients."

Hartnell always goes to Buckingham Palace or Clarence House to attend the Queen or Princess Elizabeth. He takes one of his five French women fitters. Last summer the Queen visited Bruton

Street for the first time to make an official inspection of dresses for export. She spoke to each of Hartnell's workers.

In Canada, Eaton's, Simpson's, and Morgan's are Hartnell's customers. "For Canada," he says, "I specialize in gossamer summer dresses but I also send a few very grand exclusive models."

Hartnell gives Canadian and American women top marks for make-up, stockings and grooming. "But they lack the softness and poise of English women's dress." He says French women are unbeatable in the little black frock. "But the average North American and British woman has neither the time for the careful *coiffeur* nor the money for the expensive jewelry essential to put it across."

Hartnell's 400 workers are scattered through seven buildings in and around Bruton Street. Sewing room walls are covered with photographs of celebrities wearing Hartnell gowns. Fits of temperament in English and French are common.

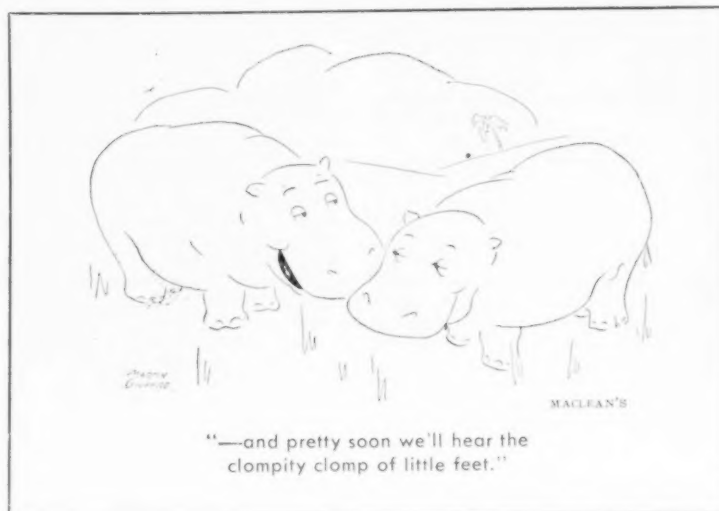
Hartnell professes ignorance of the financial side of the business. "I'm an artist, not a businessman. Norman Hartnell is employed by Norman

embroidery, use of tulle, sequins, spangles and fur, and titled women came for robes de style and regalia for court occasions. Early customers were Lady Mary Thynne and Lady Weymouth. Then Lady Louis Mountbatten called and Hartnell says: "She put me on my feet."

Prefers Nightcap to Night Life

Hartnell's first royal commission came in 1935 when Lady Alice Christabel Montagu-Douglas-Scott accepted designs for her marriage to the Duke of Gloucester. Hartnell had been pally with her brother at Cambridge. While fitting the trousseau he met the Queen, who was then Duchess of York. Two years later she gave him the order for train-bearers' robes at the Coronation.

Hartnell's royal appointment came in 1938 with the complete wardrobe for the state visit to France. Most of the photographs of the Queen now hanging in officers' messes, ships' wardrooms, factory boardrooms, hotels and in homes throughout the Commonwealth were taken in these gowns, generally



Hartnell Ltd. for his designs." The firm is managed by a husky mustached ex-infantryman, Capt. George Mitchison. But the bulk of shares are held by Hartnell and his sister.

Hartnell was born in 1901 in the middle-class London suburb of Streatham to a well-to-do grocer's wife. His father sent him to Mill Hill, a minor boarding school, and later Magdalen College, Cambridge.

He spent most of his spare time at sports and the university "Footlights Club" where he took the part of girl comics in revues and made his own costumes. They deceived the audience until he tried to sing. Then he was recognized as one of the college's best Rugby halfbacks.

He left Cambridge after two years and became a \$10-a-week clerk in a London dress shop. But he aspired to dress designing and worked at it in his spare time. Gordon Selfridge, millionaire London department store owner, spurned his sketches and told him once to "go home and learn to draw." But Lady Lucie Duff Gordon, then fashion editor of Lord Kemsley's Daily Graphic, published his designs.

Hartnell's sister loaned him money and with \$900 he opened a shop in the attic of the Bruton Street Building he now owns. Cambridge friends sent their mothers, wives and sisters to him and he used every social occasion as an excuse to solicit business.

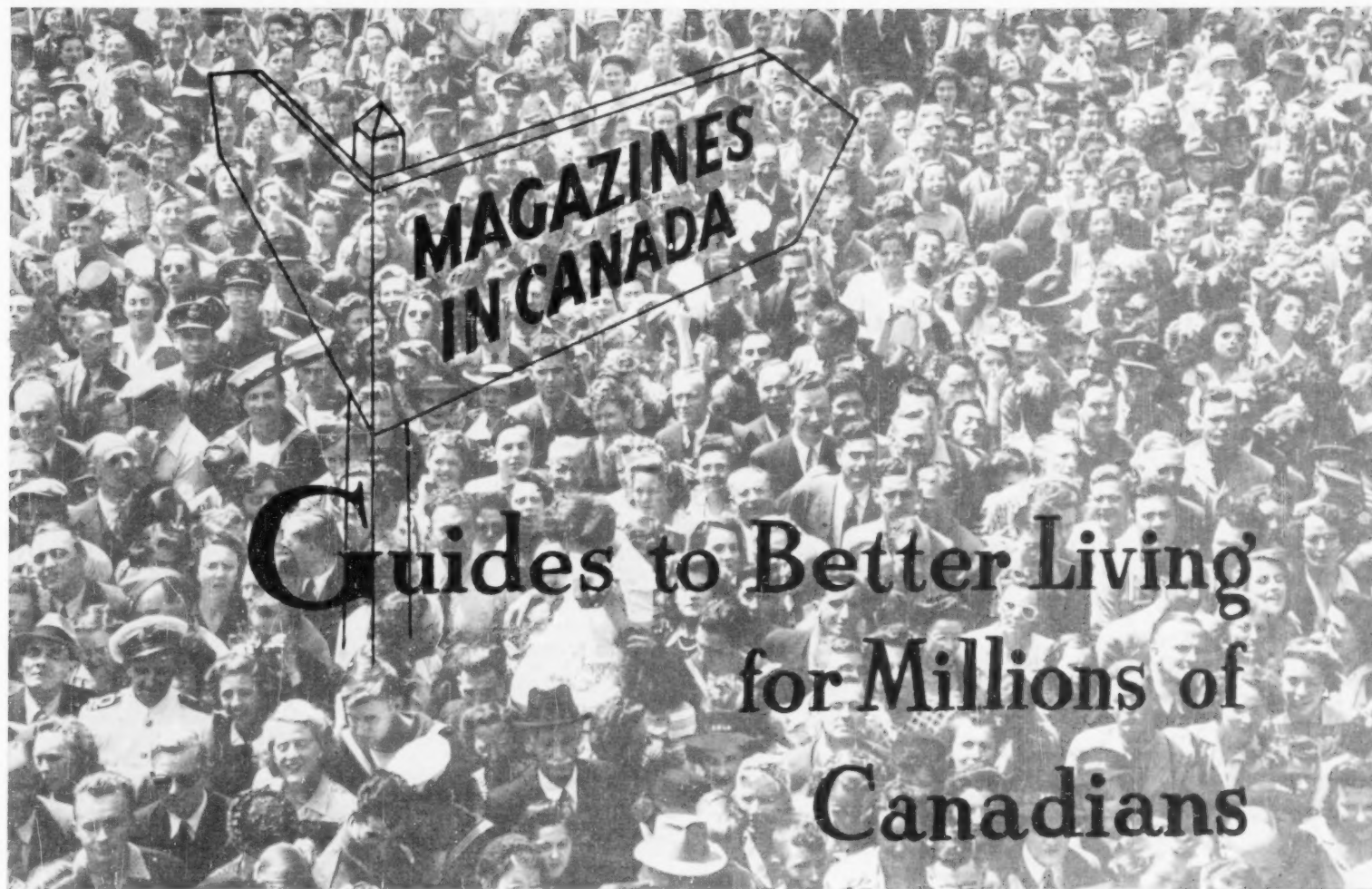
Hartnell became celebrated for his

acknowledged to have been the most beautiful she's ever worn.

At Lovel Dene, his Windsor home which dates in parts back to 1600, Hartnell entertains people like the Marquis and Marchioness of Bath, the Marchioness of Willingdon, the Tyrone Powers, Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward. "But not so much as I used to," he says. "I'm so occupied with people, everybody from high society to the messenger boy at the back door, that all I want when I get home are a hot bath and a whisky and soda."

His own success has encouraged many other male designers to set up in London, challenge the supremacy of Paris and incidentally confront Hartnell with impressive competition. Notable are Creed and Hardy Amies, Peter Russell, Clive Duncan, Digby Morton and Hartnell's neighbor, Victor Siebel. In 1946 Hartnell formed the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers to which a dozen of the best houses have been admitted. Last year they netted for Britain a combined total of \$300,000 from exclusive model exports to North America. This was a pure prestige job. Their designs helped Britain to sell abroad mass-produced clothes to the value of \$39 millions.

Recently a wealthy French silk manufacturer remarked that Hartnell was rarely seen in Paris these days. Hartnell put his fingernails to his lips, looked around archly, said: "What is there for me in Paris?" ★



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Get Even on Christmas

Continued from page 26

cents a hundred—might go to 85 in 10
years or so. See what I mean?"

His round face flushed with excite-
ment he started rooting in his pile. I
picked my own Christmas card to him
off the mantel (I'd inscribed it in quick-
fading ink) and slipped quietly away.

Of course, I'd be the first to admit
that in trading in Christmas cards
you're doing well if you only clear
expenses. But it's a good way to learn
the business. Besides, it helps you
build up a good list, and that's half the
battle when you come to break into the
big money. I mean, of course, gifts.

I regret to say there are some loved
ones who think it is more profitable
to receive than to give. My own pro-
cedure based on sound direct-mail
principles with such people is to send
out my offerings well in advance.

I enclose a little note saying:
"Thought I'd avoid the Christmas
rush. The post office wants us to mail
early. Hah hah." This serves to black-
mail those who had made up their
minds to forget me this time, usually on
account of what I had sent them last
time. Confronted with this clear evi-
dence of my loving thoughtfulness,
however, they usually come through.

If they don't, I blackmail them. A
word dropped here and there, a casual
remark or two and next Christmas they
find themselves stuck with a lot of
gifts they can't exchange. That brings
them back into line, I can tell you.

Then there is the out-and-out
amateur who waits to see what gift you
send him before deciding how much he
has to pay for the gift he sends you.
Handling this type is easy. Just out-
wait him. Just before zero hour,
usually, his nerve will break. The
chances are he'll spend more.

As soon as his contribution comes in
have it appraised, then undercut him.
Enclose a little note reading, "Certainly
hope this is in time. Had the dickens
of a job getting something I thought
you'd really like. In haste."

Another detail a lot of amateurs (like
my friend Sam) are weak on is cost
accounting. You simply must keep
your records straight.

On the red-ink side of the ledger put
down everything you spend. This
includes gifts (a relatively small item),
gift boxes (splurge here), tissue paper,
tinsel, string, brown paper (used, of
course), postage and labor. By leaving
the ends of the parcel open you can
mail it fourth class. Sometimes the gift
falls out, but that's all right. Keeps
them wondering what you sent.

On the credit, or black-ink, side of
the book put down the net value of the
gifts received. Even when they remove
the price tags you can always get an
estimate at your local department
store. Failing this, ask your pawn-
broker.

Last step, of course, is to add up the
two columns and subtract the smaller
red total from the black larger. This
will be your profit.

If, however, the smaller total should
be larger than the larger total (as a
chartered accountant would put it)
then what you have is a net loss. Maybe
you sent out gifts with full postage.
Perhaps, moved by some mad whim,
you used new wrapping paper, or
bought a ball of twine.

Christmas brings out the worst in
some people. I remember I carried one
family on my books, a total loss, for
four years before a friend tipped me off
last December.

"They never send gifts outside the
family," he said. "They just exchange
\$10 gold pieces with each other."

No Christmas spirit at all. ★

London Letter: Tiaras in the Morning

Continued from page 2

The keenest police eyes in the world
were watching. Not far ahead were
the Houses of Parliament and my
spirits rose. I would be able to drive
into Palace Yard, where M.P.'s leave
their cars and escape to comparative
anonymity.

But, again to my horror, I saw that
Palace Yard was blocked by soldiers
and a dense mass of people. There was
nothing to be done but go on to the
entrance of the House of Lords and
be received by the Lord Chancellor and
his high servants of state.

But just then a guardian angel came
to my rescue. A House of Commons
policeman at Palace Yard saw me and
by some miracle parted the crowd and
the soldiers and let me through. A
hundred yards ahead the band at the
entrance to the Lords blared into "God
Save the King." Far away in the
distance the cheers told that the King
and Queen were on their way.

Vastly relieved I walked into the
House of Commons and took my seat.
The Speaker was in the Chair but
there was no debate. We were just
waiting for the Royal Summons.
Clement Attlee looked very smart in a
morning coat and was in high spirits.
Hugh Gaitskell, whose sensational
appointment as Chancellor of the
Exchequer is one of the political
romances of our time, looked happy
but thoughtful. The Tories, who were
nearly all in formal morning dress,
merely looked thoughtful.

Three bangs on the outer door. Aha!
Strangers! Our Sergeant-at-Arms,
complete with sword, went to see what
it was all about. It was the Sergeant-
at-Arms from the House of Lords with
a message from the King. We agreed
that he should come in, which he did,
and after much bowing he announced
that His Majesty had reached the
Lords and commanded our presence
"immediately." I thought that the
stately official uttered that word with
rather more force than was strictly
necessary. What is more he seemed to
enjoy it.

So the two sides joined up for a
procession, headed by the Socialist and
Tory front benchers and off we went.

There was a big crowd in the lobby
who gazed at us as we passed. Person-
ally I felt that it was rather a come-
down. Only 10 minutes before I had
been in my glory behind the royal car
and here I was now a mere member of a
stage crowd and not even carrying a
spear.

It was strange to look upon the
beautiful chamber that we occupied
from 1941 until a few days ago, a
chamber which was now a mass of color
and elegance. It is fun to see women
wearing evening gowns and diamond
tiaras at 11 in the morning, but it is not
every peer who can wear a coronet and
a robe and look as if he enjoys it.

The King was in good voice, and
there was not a trace of the stammer
which made his speeches a few years
ago an ordeal both to himself and his
hearers. Beside him sat that great
woman, the Queen, whose gentleness
and goodness and strength have played
such a part in the development of her
husband. I was at her wedding in the
Abbey when on one side of the chancel
stood George V, Queen Mary, and the
Prince of Wales whose personality had
so gripped the imagination of the
people that none of the other sons of the
King counted in their estimation.

Cheers For the Chars

But supporting the bride were the
proud black-haired Scottish relatives
whose ancestry and castles went back
to the days when Macbeth killed
Duncan and stole the crown. That
union of the Duke of York and the
girl from Scotland seemed no more
significant than a mere break with
precedent inasmuch as a British prince
was not marrying a royal princess. And
why not? He was only the younger
brother and at best would only be
expected to relieve Edward of some
of the tedium of his princely and,
subsequently, kingly duties. As a
matter of fact there was more interest
in the dazzling David Lloyd George
than there was in the bride and groom.

Yet last week at Westminster, where
history floats like a mist, I saw the
King and Queen achieve a triumph

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!"

that they themselves could not realize. The occasion was the celebration of the opening of the new House of Commons, and since the King (because of a spot of bother with Charles I some time ago) cannot set foot in the Commons it was decided that the celebration would be held in the vast and ancient Westminster Hall.

You will, I hope, forgive the repetition but I must once more declare that, when it comes to pageantry, there is no race to touch the English. Here was the scene before the arrival of the Royal Family. On the steps, where the said Charles was duly sentenced to death, were a golden lion and a golden unicorn. Between them stood a row of Yeomen of the Guard, in other words the Beef-eaters of the Tower with their pikes and traditional costume.

On one side in the body of the hall were the peers, and we were on the

pulses beating faster. Then the Royal Family entered slowly from the back and started up the aisle.

There was old Queen Mary with her spirit bravely defying the years. There was Princess Margaret vividly alert. There was Princess Elizabeth, twice a mother but looking quite beautifully girlish. Then came the King and Queen. He looked straight forward, but she turned from side to side with that quality she has of making people feel she is among friends.

As they reached their destination on the steps the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Commons ostentatiously covered the House of Commons Mace with a green cloth. We weren't going to have any nonsense about the King carrying away the Mace. I assure you that in such matters of pageant all other races are amateurs.

Then did the Lord Chancellor kneel before the King and afterward move to a microphone where he thanked His Majesty for graciously permitting the House of Commons to be rebuilt.

After a suitable pause Mr. Speaker of the Commons went through the same drill and thanked His Gracious Majesty for the same reasons. Perhaps I should explain that the two Houses of Parliament are in the Palace of Westminster, which is a Royal Palace and belongs to the King. We are his guests. In fact we are tenants except that we don't pay any rent. So this whole affair was to thank the landlord.

Finally the King spoke, not five yards from where Charles I heard his sentence of death from Cromwell and his fellow parliamentarians. It was in this hall that they had brought the body of George V in a November twilight with the lonely wistful figure of Edward VIII following the coffin.

I have never heard the King speak so well. His voice had a manly, musical quality without affectation, and it carried marvelously throughout the vast place. There was nothing in the tone to suggest that he was speaking into a microphone.

When he ended the trumpeters split the air with their exultant cry. The band played "God Save the King" once more and then the Royal Family made its way through the throng while the guards' band out-Elgared Elgar.

And as I watched the King go out I felt with an assurance which nothing could shake that the monarchy in Britain is stronger today than it has ever been. Amid all the changing values which have beset the post-war world, in all the swirling, eddying currents which have bedeviled the course of humanity, this institution of Britain's constitutional monarchy stands like a rock. George VI, like his father, knows that the King is not only the first citizen but the first servant. And Queen Elizabeth knows that to be the first citizen and first servant he must have the sustaining help and guidance of the woman who is his wife.

That night there was a reception in the Speaker's apartments in the Palace of Westminster. Instead of morning coats we men had to wear tails with such medals as gallantry, opportunism or position have garnered. By midnight I was wondering how to keep awake, and cogitating on how this incredible island of Britain in the throes of a Socialist revolution could challenge and excel the past in pageantry and ancient custom.

However, I must not weary you with too much pageantry. My chief purpose in this letter was to tell you how greatness was thrust upon me on the day I drove my car from Hyde Park Corner to Westminster. I shall never hear the National Anthem without thinking of the only time that I was on the receiving end. ★

NEXT ISSUE

What Really Happened To Ambrose Small?

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

By Robert Thomas Allen

MACLEAN'S JAN. 15
ON SALE JAN. 10

opposite side. On a balcony at the right were a company of trumpeters in gorgeous raiment, and at the back on a raised platform was the band of the Grenadier Guards.

Now where the English excel is that no one is ever seen directing anything. Things just happen, but they happen rigidly to an unseen timetable. From the wings the Lord Chancellor in his robes, followed by the high officials of the House of Peers, makes a stately procession to the left side just facing the great steps. Five minutes later the Speaker of the House of Commons, preceded by the Mace Bearer and followed by our high officials, makes a procession that ends exactly opposite the Lord Chancellor. A little later the Speakers from all the Commonwealth Parliaments, some of them of ebony hue, proceed in stately measure to their positions.

The guards' band is in grand form and Elgar is, of course, in full supply. And then, just to show that English pageantry does not rule out a comic turn, 10 parliamentary charwomen in green overalls advance upon the carpeted aisle with brushes and brooms while the band breaks into an old music hall jig.

There is a gasp, then applause, and finally the Lords and Commons combine in a rousing cheer. The delighted, blushing ladies of the broom are all smiles. Probably never in the history of politics have charwomen had such a tribute from the elected and hereditary legislators of the realm. They disappear.

There is a pause and the atmosphere grows tense. The trumpeters are rigidly at attention and then in one concerted motion the trumpets are raised to the lips. Is there any sound so wild, so stirring?

The wild fanfare came to an end. We had all risen to our feet and turned toward the centre aisle. Softly the band began "God Save the King" and built up to a climax that sent one's

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FRENCH BREAD

(makes 3 loaves)

Scald
1/2 cup milk
3/4 cup water
1 tablespoon granulated sugar
2 teaspoons salt
2 tablespoons shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile, measure into a large bowl
1/2 cup lukewarm water
1 teaspoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well; stir in lukewarm milk mixture. Measure into a large mixing bowl

4 1/2 cups once-sifted bread flour

Make a well in the centre and add liquids all at once. Mix thoroughly, then knead slightly in the bowl. Cover with a damp cloth and set in a warm place, free from draught; let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough, cover with damp cloth and again let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out on lightly-floured board and divide into 3 equal portions. Knead each piece lightly and shape into a slim loaf

about 12 inches long. Place, well apart, on greased cookie sheets and with a pair of scissors, cut diagonal slashes in top of loaves, about 1 1/2 inches apart. Let rise, uncovered, until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, for 15 minutes, then reduce oven heat to 350°, bake 15 minutes, brush with a mixture of 1 slightly-beaten egg white and 2 tablespoons water and bake until loaves are cooked—about 20 minutes longer. Cool bread in a draught, by an open window.



Russia May Get Korea

Continued from page 9

crowded off the road by interminable military traffic, their people struck down (as many have been) by trucks emerging from a dust cloud, their villages flattened by strategic bombing.

Near the Argyll's battalion command post I saw a pathetic little arch of triumph made of evergreens. "Welcome to United Nations Troops," it said. Behind it was a large black patch and that was about all—the little hamlet had been burned flat in the battle. Korean villages burn like paper. I heard of one case where a lighted cigarette, carelessly tossed into a thatch by an American soldier, destroyed a whole settlement as effectively as a fire-bomb raid. Small wonder that Koreans regard liberation as a doubtful blessing.

Americans, on their side, don't fancy a country where you can't tell friend from enemy. We drove up to the front one day when an American truck convoy was ambushed by an innocent-looking crowd of Korean peasants.

"Don't go wandering around the country alone," an American war correspondent warned me. "You can't trust anybody here. You may see an old woman washing clothes on a river bank. If you're in a group and armed, she goes right on washing. If you're alone she may pull a Tommy gun from her pile of laundry and shoot you."

That's why even chaplains bear arms in Korea.

In this atmosphere men of the 27th British Commonwealth Brigade were in action for 80 consecutive days between Sept. 5 and the end of November. They were supposed to leave for Hong Kong on Nov. 15 for a rest; U. S. Lieut.-General Walton Walker, commanding the 8th Army, said he couldn't spare them so they stayed on. The men didn't grumble but they were very tired.

In mid-November the 29th Brigade arrived to relieve them. They'd hardly got their gear unpacked near Seoul when they were ordered out to defend the city against a guerrilla force threatening to cut the main road north.

American troops were in the same situation, often with even longer stretches of action behind them. The First Cavalry Division was slated for a rest in Tokyo in early November; it had actually left the front and come down to Seoul en route to embarkation. Orders came to go back into the line.

These men want out. They want someone else to take it from here.

Down at Pusan I visited 345 Canadian soldiers who were badly browned off for different reasons. They were in a state of complete bewilderment as to why they were here, what they were supposed to do, what other Canadians were coming to Korea, and when.

They had been assembled as an advance party for Canada's Special Force, a brigade of three infantry battalions with its own artillery support. Elements of 18 units were included in the advance group—medical, dental, ordnance, signals, army service corps and so on, as well as some officers and other ranks from the combat battalions. They sailed on October 21.

When their troopship docked at Yokohama, Major-General Hume, of the U. S. Army medical service, went aboard to greet the Canadians—"Glad to have you with us," he said.

"Glad to be here, sir," said the Canadian officer commanding, Major Roy Bourgeois of the Royal 22nd, "but we're afraid the show is all over."

This was a couple of days before the

'Chinese Communist intervention that renewed and prolonged the war.

They weren't so well prepared for the next news. In strict secrecy officers were told that only one battalion, the Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, would be coming to Korea; the rest of the brigade would continue training at Fort Lewis. Next day the Tokyo newspapers carried an official announcement from Ottawa broadcasting the secret to all ranks.

Canada's advance party was badly confused. If only one infantry battalion was coming, they had nothing much to do. Preparations for an arrival on that scale would take only 48 hours, and they'd arrived more than a month ahead of time.

One Blunder After Another

Only a few of them were infantrymen, so officers and men alike were wondering what they were supposed to do when the Pats arrived. Join the infantry? Many haven't got even the physical qualifications, let alone the training. Go home to Canada? That would be an ignominious finish, but they couldn't think of any third alternative. Certainly a lone battalion would have no use for the establishment that the advance party represented.

When I visited them at Pusan, the men were playing softball in the schoolyard where they are billeted—they did this two afternoons a week. The rest of the time they spent at infantry tactical training.

"That's the only part of our training we'd pretty well completed," an officer said glumly, "but there's nothing else for us to do. It keeps the men busy."

What about the officers? What were they doing to pass the time?

"We make plans," was the reply. "We have plans for everything. Plans for one battalion, plans for a whole brigade. Plans for landing and training at Pusan, plans for going to the British Commonwealth Training centre at Taegu, plans for the British Commonwealth mustering point at Suwon."

Where would the Canadians actually be going?

"That's just it—we don't know."

This uncertainty was part of a general pattern of snafu that ran right through Canada's Korean adventure.

Nothing apparently had gone right.

When they got to Shilo, Manitoba, for basic training, the men's pay documents got lost somewhere behind them. Some went without pay for five weeks. "I never saw a unit closer to mutiny, and we didn't blame them, either," said one officer.

When they finally sailed they thought they were bound for tropical Okinawa and were dressed accordingly. Now it looked as if they might be headed for Suwon and points north. It was no place for a man in summer underwear and no gloves. The decision to send them to Korea instead of Okinawa had been made before the advance party sailed, but the information filtered through the usual channels too slowly to reach the embarking troops.

Actually this confusion about destination and size of force was not Canada's fault. There has never been good liaison between the Canadians and General MacArthur's headquarters.

Canada had military observers in Korea from the start, and Brigadier Frank Fleury went to Tokyo in August. That was when the Special Force was being recruited. All its operations and equipment were planned on the assumption that the job would be to hold the small perimeter around Pusan and Taegu in the warm south. General MacArthur's brilliant landing at Inchon in mid-September broke the back of the North Korean forces and changed the whole course of the war. But the first any Canadian knew about the Inchon landing was when it appeared in the newspapers.

External Affairs Minister L. B. (Mike) Pearson protested to Washington and was told it had been a military secret. True—but the press reported it later as "the worst kept secret in military history." Apparently it was open gossip in half the bars of Tokyo days before it happened. But nobody thought to tell the Canadians.

In October, about the time the advance party sailed, it looked as if the Korean War was about over. In Washington, plans were being pushed for a unified European army with North American components and Canada was expected to make a contribution. Ottawa asked if the Special Brigade had better be held at home.

Washington thought that was a good

idea. General MacArthur, consulted in Tokyo, said he wanted to broaden the scope of his UN force as much as possible and would like to have some Canadians; but he was quite content with one battalion.

Then the Chinese Communists came in and the war picture altered sharply. Reinforcements were rushed up, battle-weary troops sent back to the front. It looked like the start of World War III.

On the day the Chinese Reds joined the fight Canadian Brigadier Fleury was packing to leave for Ottawa. Nobody told him about the Chinese intervention; he heard of it by pure chance from a Canadian reporter. It's not surprising that Canada appeared slow in adjusting to the various dramatic developments of the past six months.

Even as the Chinese Communists launched their big attack in late November, no final decision had been made about the disposition of Canada's Special Force. It was announced that the Princess Pats would sail, and they did so; it had not been announced whether the rest of the brigade would follow them or not. If General MacArthur wanted them he had only to ask for them.

Whatever the Supreme Commander thought, I think the troops in Korea would be glad to see the Canadians—the more the merrier. War or no war, there will be rough and dirty work to do in Korea for some time.

Somebody will have to rebuild Korea, too. The Americans made a thorough job of "strategic bombing."

They Ask: "Where's Your Army?"

Canada offered to send a corps of specialists—engineers, medical personnel and so on—last October, when everyone thought the war was over. It was not accepted. Canada's contribution was to be troops or nothing, plus our share of the cash required to restore Korea.

If that job falls to Canadian troops, it will be a pretty dull and miserable job. There's no comfort in this country. Even in undamaged Pusan the first thing Canadians had to do was put wiring into the school building where they were billeted and build toilets to replace the filthy Korean latrine. With every evening free, the boys ran out of things to do within a fortnight of their arrival.

They may not get much thanks for coming here, either. Late comers are not allowed to forget their tardiness in Korea.

Before I left Tokyo I heard a story that sounded pretty funny. A Turkish correspondent came out several weeks ahead of the Turkish contingent. He could speak no English and no Japanese, but he went around showing his passport and waving his hands—until some Good Samaritan loaded him on a plane for Korea.

Two weeks later he came back, wrote out a long dispatch, but could find no telegraph operator in Japan to read Arabic script. He had a little German and he found an American reporter who had about the same amount. The Turk translated into German, the American into English, and they got the report on the wire to Istanbul.

The first sentence read: "In Korea everybody is asking 'Where is the Turkish Army?'"

When I got to Korea myself the story didn't seem so amusing. If the Turk found anyone who could talk to him at all, chances are that's just what they did ask him. It's the question they ask of people whose armies aren't here. ★



Backstage in Korea

Continued from page 3

second. With this second group Indian diplomats think they were able to establish fairly close and friendly relations.

Prime Minister Nehru, when I saw him in New Delhi before the invasion of Tibet, said, "The Russians don't like having us in Peking. They don't want any non-Soviet power in friendly contact with the Chinese."

If that be so it's logical to suppose that Moscow favored the invasion of Tibet just because it would alienate India. It's equally logical to suppose that the "internationalist" stooges in Peking would push the Moscow line. India argues it's the fault of the West, and particularly of the United States, that the "nationalist" wing in Red China has been overruled consistently during the past two years. Western policy, according to the Indians, has never given the nationalists a leg to stand on. In every crisis we have acted just as the Moscow stooges said we would act.

One Indian official offered another theory for the Communist invasion of the home of the Dalai Lama. He thinks the Communists want to capture Buddhism as they captured the Russian Orthodox Church.

To many millions in Asia, Communism doesn't mean a thing; Buddhism has ancient and divine authority. If the Reds can make a tool of the Buddhist priesthood they could save themselves a great deal of time.

Hitch-hiking around Korea is an education in itself. To get here from Tokyo is a fairly formidable business. You apply for military travel orders, put yourself down on the list with a 4-D priority, and resign yourself to being bumped off the courier plane. (I was bumped three days running and finally came over by the twice-a-week commercial service.)

Once in Korea, though, everything opens up. All you need to do is hang around an airport until you hear that a plane is taking off for wherever you want to go.

At Kimpo, the airport for Seoul, I went over to the cargo tent to see about hitching a ride to Pyongyang. The major on duty was unenthusiastic. "We're not supposed to carry you fellows," he said.

Then, after a short pause, he added, "The trouble with you correspondents,

you never bring over any whisky."

"I've got some Canadian rye," I said.

The major beamed. "Well now, that's different. I can send you out on the next plane—she'll be loaded in about 10 minutes."

And he did. He didn't even bother weighing my kitbag, which was now 26 ounces lighter.

As I've already noted elsewhere, the feeling between westerners and Koreans doesn't seem to be over-friendly. There's one heart-warming exception to this rule, though, in the Pusan office of the U. S. service newspaper, Stars and Stripes.

The half-dozen service journalists there, ranging in rank from private to captain, have jointly become a foster father. When they got here six months or so ago they found a little waif in the streets—looked to be about 2½ or three years old, couldn't talk intelligibly in any language, and had no idea who or where his parents might be.

Stars and Stripes adopted him as a mascot. He wears U. S. Army uniform with a corporal's stripes, and is fat and thriving on Army rations. Nobody seems to have figured out what's to become of him when the U. S. Army moves out, but that's a detail. Somehow or other, Stars and Stripes will look after him. He still can't talk much English, but he salutes beautifully.

One Saturday night recently I got an idea, for the first time, of what wartime bombing must have done to Tokyo.

It doesn't show nowadays, not outwardly. All the mess has been cleaned up, the empty spaces filled in with little matchbox shops and dwellings. To one who never saw prewar Tokyo there's nothing to show it wasn't always like this.

This night I went for a walk with a man who'd just arrived from Hong Kong, but who had lived and worked in Tokyo for several years before the war. By the time we got a block away from the Press Club door he was lost. Hadn't any idea where he was or in what direction he was going. I, on the strength of 10 days' residence, knew our way better than he did.

Finally, after six or eight blocks, he suddenly said, "Why, there's the Asahi Building (Tokyo's leading newspaper). Now I know where I am. But there isn't a single other building within sight that I've ever seen before." ★



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(...and oh mother, too!)



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A Tough Time for Kids

Continued from page 11

Canada—bear their pain quietly and privately. Like the three girls I met on my recent trip—Vicky from Vancouver, Cora of Regina and Dorothy in Calgary.

Vicky lives in one of the better residential areas of Vancouver. She's regarded as a reasonably normal, happy girl. Her club leader thinks of her as a typical member. This was the same girl who confided to me, "I have a rotten life. I wouldn't care if I died tomorrow." Her story isn't dramatic. Her father was killed during the last war, leaving her mother, two brothers and herself. The mother, a nervous woman who had been very dependent on her husband, turned to her children. She tried to win the affection of the boys by giving them every privilege, at the same time restricting the girl.

Vicky bristles with resentment against the mother. She's gnawed by jealousy of the brothers.

Cora is outwardly a cheerful, smiling 16-year-old blond Regina schoolgirl who talks about her dates and the latest movies. Inwardly, she is heart-broken because of a mother who she thinks doesn't love her enough and a father who she knows drinks too much. Her father returned from overseas, to find his wife had been running around with other men. He got drunk and beat her up. He has repeated this performance on an average of three or four times a week.

Cora's mother has told her it's not her fault she went out with other men because the father went out with other women overseas. Usually the mother treats her coldly but once in a while she buys Cora expensive shoes or a tailored blouse. "I feel funny about taking her presents," Cora told me. "If she'd be nice to me that would be enough." Cora doesn't invite friends to her home.

The 17-year-old girl I met in Calgary appeared to come from a different type of home. Dorothy's father is a business executive and their home is in a better district. "But I envy kids from poorer families who have some sort of family life," she told me. She doesn't consider her father, mother, brother and herself a family unit. Her father, an ambitious man, has switched jobs frequently, moving from city to city. Her mother is active in social and charitable organizations. As long as she can remember she has never had the chance to talk to her parents about personal matters.

When the girl was 12 she had a sexual experience which frightened and shocked her, but this too she couldn't confide to anybody. She stopped trying to be one of the crowd and turned inward. She did brilliantly at school, coming near the top of the class each term. "What I really want," she told me, "are girl friends and dates and a good time."

Most psychologists say that sex

instruction should start as soon as the child is old enough to ask questions, at three or younger. Evading or frightening the child in order to stop undesirable sex practices may produce results more damaging than the sex practice itself—feelings of fear, guilt, anxiety, inferiority and homosexuality.

On my trip I found an alarming number of teen-agers who were sexually illiterate.

In Montreal I met a willowy, attractive blonde who has never had a date, though she is 18. She was afraid to go out with boys because of what might happen to her. In Winnipeg a 17-year-old boy and 16-year-old girl are struggling to make a go of their shotgun marriage. When their child was born a year ago neither was aware of the consequences of their behavior.

Who is responsible for teen-agers not being informed about sex? The parents? The schools? The churches? Or is it due to a public reluctance to face the challenge of sex education squarely and honestly?

It was my impression that not half of all the teen-agers I met were getting adequate sex information from their parents. They had to go elsewhere for it—often with harmful results.

Teacher's Face Was Red

Some parents even make it difficult for their children to obtain reliable sex information outside the home. In response to requests from a teen-age club a Manitoba physician gave the group a frank talk on sex. He answered questions in a simple straightforward manner. Within a few days critical parents spread the news that the doctor was telling their children "to go ahead and have sex experiences." The physician, prompted by a number of tragic cases of teen-age unmarried mothers, approached a local cleric to support a program of sex education. The cleric was unsympathetic. "Why make an issue of it?" he said. "It's really not important."

Sex instruction is given in high schools in several parts of the country. I asked scores of teen-agers for their reactions to these courses and the people who gave them.

Many criticized the attitude of the teachers giving the course. "The teacher was a spinster in her forties and her face was red most of the time," says a Calgary girl. "I didn't enjoy those classes, and neither did she." In Regina: "The teacher looks out the window when she talks and you get the impression sex is wicked and shouldn't be talked about."

Teen-agers want to know more than the bare mechanics of sex. They want to ask questions about the whole business of relations with the opposite sex. Typical questions are: *How can I tell if I'm in love?* ("I meet a stunner and I think that this is it for sure. But two weeks later I meet someone else...") *Should you marry for love or*

money? ("I think there's a similarity because you can lose both money and love.") *Should you kiss on the first date?* (Girls say: "If you kiss on the first date boys think you're too easy and don't value your kisses." Boys say: "If you don't make a pass the girl might think you're not interested.") *Is it all right to neck and pet?* (Girls say: "If you don't you might get a reputation for being a wet blanket and get left on the shelf. If you do it might lead to other things.") *Should you go steady?* ("It's not good because you don't meet many new people, but all my gang go steady so you feel out of things if you don't go steady too.")

All across the country "going steady" has become the custom, even among some 14-year-olds. It is my impression that this is one way teen-agers have of saying that they want some security in an unstable society. It's significant that in higher economic groups there's less tendency to go steady.

This search for security is also reflected in many teen-agers' approach to marriage. The romantic myth that "two can live as cheaply as one" is dead. The modern approach is realistic. An Ottawa girl said she would like her boy friend to be making \$60 a week, have a steady job and enough money to make a down payment on a house. A Regina boy of 16 said he wouldn't think of marriage until he had \$5000 in the bank and \$50 a week. A Toronto high-school graduate told me the experiences of his own family taught him a lesson. Before he would talk marriage to a girl he wanted a bank account, a house and a business of his own. "I figure that will take me until I'm 35," he said, "but I'm going to wait."

An encouraging thing I found was this: teen-agers are teaching us a lesson in racial and religious good will. In this they are far ahead of their parents and also ahead of teen groups I knew 15 years ago.

Florence Baynham, a 17-year-old Irish-English Winnipeg girl, told me her two closest girl friends and her "steady" were Ukrainian Catholic. If she wants to she will marry him. "My brother married a Ukrainian girl and she's terrific," she says.

Andy Wolf, an English-speaking Montreal boy, has five close friends, Protestant and Catholic, from French, English, Rumanian, Polish and Irish families. They all belong to the Rendez-vous Teen Club. In Vancouver, Ronnie Con, a Chinese-Canadian, finds there isn't as much discrimination against him as there was against his father.

This feeling is certainly not motivated by religion. At least 50% of the teen-agers I met were only slightly religious, 25% were hostile or indifferent to religion and the remaining 25% could be classified as truly religious. Members of the "slightly religious" group had no serious religious convictions. If they did attend church it was

mainly to please their parents. "My friends never mention religion," says a 16-year-old Toronto boy who attends church fairly regularly, "except to tell the occasional joke about what one minister said to another."

I asked teen-agers opposed to religion the reasons for their hostility. One 17-year-old Winnipeg boy said, "In the beginning, religion was made to unite people. Instead, it's caused segregation. It's worse than trade barriers and capitalism." A Vancouver girl accused ministers of being hypocrites.

Teen-agers who were religious tried to express in words the value of faith. Sixteen-year-old Jean Fuga says, "After confession I get a nice feeling. I can't go to sleep at night until I say my prayers." To Base Marantz, an 18-year-old Winnipeg cashier, "people need something when everything else is gone. To some, it's mother; to more people, it's God."

Teen-agers seem much more interested in religion than politics. They showed a woeful lack of knowledge about what was going on in Ottawa. What's more, they didn't care. Fred Coates, who left school last year to work for the CPR in Brandon, says, "Canadian politics don't connect with us. They have no bearing as far as we are concerned." This pretty well sums up the feeling.

A Winnipeg boy told me he could remember only two political parties, "the C.C.F. and C.I.L."

Are they anxious to take up arms? Not particularly, but many of them have accepted it as inevitable. A Regina boy, Herb Powell, told me, "I might as well join first and get the advantages of rank and gratuity. What would I be fighting for? That's hard to say."

The interviews I had across Canada point up the necessity of bridging the wide gap between many teen-agers and their parents. I would like to suggest four ways in which this can be attempted:

1. Most important, parents should work at building relationship in which their children can feel free to talk about their problems without fear of criticism or punishment.

2. Parents should study teen-age psychology by reading and participating in discussions. They should be aware that the time has come to relinquish a good deal of the control they have over their children.

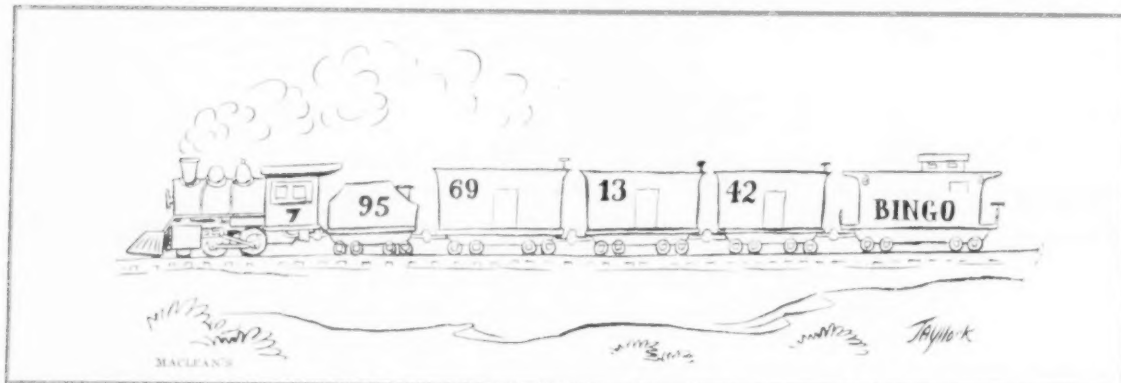
3. Every effort should be made to provide teen-agers with courses and discussions—at home, school, church and clubs—on every phase of human relationship.

4. Both teen-agers and parents should have local facilities for individual counseling, staffed by trained people.

Among the organizations that are attempting to get action on suggestions like these is the Canadian Mental Health Association. Membership in this group is open to all who believe it's possible to introduce programs to help children and their parents live together more comfortably.

Teen-agers need help in growing up. They need the guidance and love of sympathetic, understanding parents. If they don't find this at home, they may be driven to seek it elsewhere. It is in the wide chasm that separates parent from child that the juvenile delinquent grows.

In my cross-country trip I met many of the juvenile delinquents whose gang warfare has been hitting the headlines in most Canadian cities. In a third article in the next issue of Maclean's I'll tell you something about them. ★



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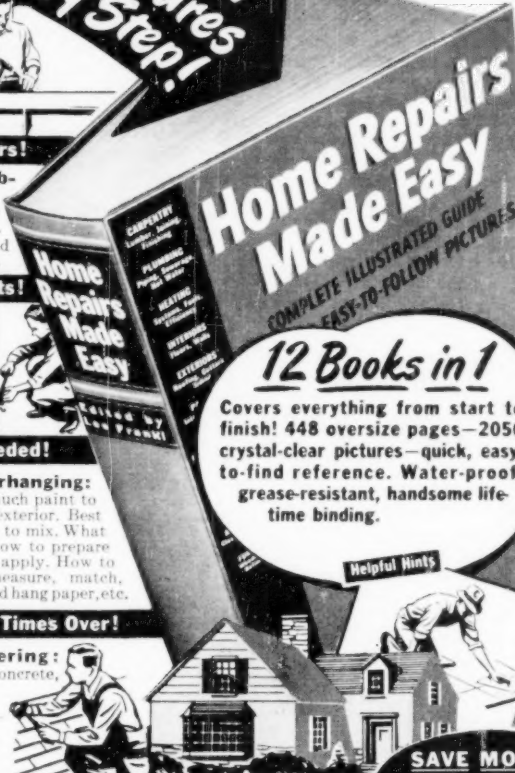
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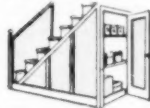
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A Letter From Elsie

Continued from page 16

so . . . what's that? Say whatever I like? Yes, of course. Yes, that's the whole point, isn't it? The therapy of confession.

"Well, let's get on with it. Where did we leave off? Oh yes, I remember. I was telling you about my first job in the bank, and the awful mess I made of it. Must have made me seem like a bit of a fool. Tell me, do I strike you as being . . . Well, never mind. I'm afraid today may be even worse. To tell you the truth, I've been dreading this, but I must be honest, mustn't I? No point in paying you fees if I'm not prepared to be honest. But it's not easy, doctor—it's not easy at all. I know it won't be today. You see, today I've got to tell you the Story of Murchison's Letter.

"Seems to call out for capital letters, doesn't it? No pun intended, doctor. No pun intended . . ."

HOW difficult it is to start a story. It's so hard to know where any story begins.

This one, I suppose, really began on the 27th of July, 1942. On that memorable day—it was a Monday, I remember, and stifling hot—I did a very curious thing; a curious thing for me, that is, though, Heaven knows, plenty of other young men were doing it. On the 27th of July I joined the Army.

I wish I could be perfectly sure that I was being honest when I try to tell you why I did it. I was never what you could call "patriotic"; quite the reverse, in fact. I admit I did genuinely hate the Germans, especially for the way they treated people like me—people who were a little different from the herd. But that wasn't the real reason, I know that. There was something else, some reason more cogent and compelling. You see, in spite of my little eccentricities—which I confess I used to cultivate pretty carefully—there were times when I actually yearned to be more like other people. I thought if I could be more like them, they might learn to accept me. I might even make some friends.

I used to try to copy other people—people whose success or popularity I envied—but it never quite came off. More often than not I made a fool of myself and in the end I just had to admit that I really wasn't quite like other people.

The trouble was, you see, that other people couldn't seem to understand why I wasn't like them. I could never make them see that my friendship was something worth having from their point of view. They used to laugh at me when I tried to tell them things I thought they should have known. They used to laugh at me as if I were no better than they were.

Of course I hated the army, every soul-destroying minute of it. The stupid, senseless discipline; the incessant bullying and badgering from blockheads who didn't have half my brains. But I stuck it out. I worked hard and I kept my mouth shut, because I knew what I wanted. From my first day in the Army I knew I had to have a commission. Nothing else would do. I had the brains and the education, and I knew a couple of people who could be counted on to pull the proper strings. I used them all and in the end it worked.

I think I made a pretty capable officer. I looked after my men—though none of them appreciated how much I did for them—I did what my superiors told me and I behaved like a gentleman in the mess. I did all the

things I ought to have done and none of the things I ought not; and I didn't make a single friend. They wouldn't be my friends—not one of them would. Wallowing in their sullen mediocrity they scorned every offer of friendship I made them. And behind my back they used to laugh at me. They nicknamed me "The Genius" and they used to laugh . . . my God, how they used to laugh . . .

I'm sorry. I shouldn't get worked up like that. You must think I'm very stupid. I'm not really, though; just sensitive—more sensitive than I ought to be. No, no thanks. I'm all right now. I'd better get on.

I got to England eventually. Not till '44 but in plenty of time for D-day. But then I escaped that, too. I got a job instructing at an Army school, so I missed the blood-bath. I can't truthfully say I was sorry; too many

Poor Harmony

I'm in tune with every season.

Even to my pile of pelf;

Here the days are at their shortest,

And I'm sort of short myself.

—Ray Romine.

of the men I knew finished up on those windy beaches.

It wasn't until the winter, the last winter of the War, that they sent me over. Scraping the bottom of the barrel, I suppose. But there I was at last, with a platoon of my own and a real job to do. It should have been a pretty thrilling experience; for anyone else it would have been, I guess, but not for me.

You see, by this time the others were all "old sweats" and I was a raw recruit. And, worst of all, I was—I was just myself. One thing I know for sure, doctor—hell itself won't be any worse than the first two weeks I spent in Holland.

And then I met Murchison and everything was different.

I remember I was sitting in my billet, reading a book. We were leaving for the front that night and I was feeling lonely and afraid. It was cold and I was shivering and sweating at the same time. Outside it was snowing; a dirty, sodden snow that caked on the windowpanes and made the room darker and more gloomy than ever.

It was deathly quiet, even the outdoor noises muffled by the snow—a perfect setting for Murchison's dramatic entrance. He kicked the door open—he was carrying a kit-bag in each hand—and came stumbling in like a drunken sailor. He put his kit-bags down and came straight over to me, holding out his hand.

"You're Howell, aren't you?" he said. "My name's Murchison."

I don't know how he knew my name. Someone must have told him I was in the billet. Of course I knew who he was; everyone knew about Murchison. He'd got a flesh wound in the shoulder a month or two before and everyone said the regiment wasn't the same without him. Out of hospital and back on his feet, he'd written to the C.O., and the Old Man had done everything he could to get him back. We couldn't win the war without Murchison; that was the legend. Now he was back and everything was going to be all right.

Usually I hate the kind of people who come barging in on you when you're

alone and trying to pull yourself together for something important; but there was a quality about Murchison—I can't describe it, a sort of rock-bottom genuineness—that took me off guard and made me suddenly feel at ease.

It was . . . it was almost as if he were glad to know me. Sounds queer, doesn't it, doctor, but it meant a lot to me.

I got up from the bed and said, "I've heard a lot about you. Welcome back."

It was a trite sort of thing to say and it didn't sound like me. Yet for some reason I didn't regret having said it. He pulled out a grubby pack of cigarettes and offered me one. I took it and gave him a light. He blew out a great cloud of smoke and said, "Well, here's to war!" He grinned at me and winked. Again, for some reason, I seemed to like him for it.

I'll never understand why Murchison became my friend. You could hardly imagine two men with less in common. You know the sort of person I am. Well, Murchison was everything that I am not. He was good-looking, lithe, magnificently built. And he was perennially happy. Everything in life was good to him and he enjoyed every minute of it. Even in the most sordid circumstances his joy in living was unquenchable. He laughed triumphantly, fought ferociously and drank with tremendous gusto. And yet he became my friend.

I never tried to understand it, and perhaps that was just as well. I accepted his friendship and he accepted me, just as I was. He taught me a thousand tricks of the trade and he never criticized me for not being the kind of man he was.

It made an enormous difference, having Murchison on my side. Of course I was just the same, as awkward and unsoldierly as ever, but some of Murchison's popularity, some of his own personal glory, seemed to descend on me—because I was his friend. Suddenly life became supportable. Murchison used to laugh uproariously at some of the stupid things I did but, oddly enough, it never irritated me. He was always laughing, and there was so much sheer joy in his laughter that he made me want to share it.

For three weeks we'd been in the line. A holding role, not very exciting

The Goldener Rule

The best things in life are free—

However, what if, like me,

You've a thirst

For the worst?

—Seymour Kapetansky.

but nerve-racking and uncomfortable. There were long nights in the outposts, patrols that went way back in the enemy's lines. I think we were all feeling jittery when they pulled us out for a rest. I know I was—more than the others, I suppose.

We were billeted in a village; a clump of ugly houses with empty windows and shattered roofs. The British had shelled it to pieces when they advanced across the dikes and there'd been a bloody battle for it, too. A company of Hitler Youth had held it, held it for three days against the British tanks, holed up in cellars and outhouses. Teen-aged kids dying where they stood when their bullets ran out. Some of them had got away, of course, and there were ugly rumors of snipers in the fields. The night after we moved in

one of our men had wandered off alone down a side road. They found him next day with a bullet through his head.

MY MEN had a house to themselves and I'd got hold of a little room off the kitchen, a sort of scullery, for my own use. It had a window that was patched with cardboard and a door that flapped drunkenly on its twisted hinges. But it was my room; it meant that I could get in and out without going through the men's quarters, and I could be alone. Not that I didn't like the company of the men, but still, there were times when you had to get away by yourself, away from everyone.

It was on the third night that it happened. We'd got our liquor ration that day and the mess was wild. After supper the Auxiliary Services bloke set up a projector to show a movie, but I couldn't face it, so I went back to my room and lay down. It was cool and quiet in the room and I fell asleep. I've no idea how long I slept. Not very long, I suppose, for it was still half-light when I woke up; just light enough for me to see the figure standing by the footboard of my bed. It was a German soldier. He had on a sniper's camouflage suit and a peaked cap pulled down over his eyes. In his hand he had a Luger pistol, pointed straight at my head.

I've always wondered how I would act when I knew I was going to die. I knew it then. The blue-eyed boy with death in his heart had stolen in to see what he could find in the deserted house. And he had found me alone.

The silence was so heavy you could feel it. There wasn't even a voice in the distance to remind me that there were other people in the world . . . people who would still be alive and drinking, shouting and laughing . . . after the bullet from the Luger had split my skull . . .

The muzzle moved a fraction of an inch upward. I heard the scream before I knew I'd uttered it. It rose, shrill and piercing like a siren. I felt my throat ache with the agony of the sound, as I waited for the roar and flame of the pistol and the shattering pain of the bullet.

And then, above the long thin wail of my own scream, I heard the laughter. A great drunken roar of laughter from a dozen throats . . . howling and hooting with derision.

I wrenched myself around and buried my head in the pillow to shut out the sound of it. The sweat was running down my back and I was sobbing. Slowly the laughter died away and once again the whole world was silent . . .

How easy it must have been for them. The camouflage suits, the visored caps were lying around everywhere; half a dozen of them had Lugers, captured or looted. The liquor ration, the hilarity of the mess, and the poor fool who wouldn't stay for the show but crept off by himself, to be alone. It was so simple for one of them to dress up in the German uniform, creep into the house and stand there, silhouetted against the open door. The light was just exactly right; enough to see the figure, not enough to recognize the face.

The face—? Of course I wanted to know—I had to know! I stormed at them, cajoled and wheedled, even laughed about it and pretended to share the joke. I tried every way I could to make them tell me but none of them would say a word. They just grinned and walked away, or patted me condescendingly on the back and told me to forget it. Even the company commander, who was a good-hearted fool, cautioned me to "be a sport"; after all, it was only a joke!

I was sure I could get it out of Murchison, if he knew. He was my friend, my only friend. He wouldn't refuse to tell me. But I never even saw him. The C. O. packed him off to Brussels on a scrounging raid before I had a chance to talk to him alone.

So I decided to forget it, as everyone else had done. I did, too, pretty well . . . except sometimes, lying on my bunk at night, I'd hear the sound of laughing . . . peals of drunken laughter . . . trying to send me mad . . .

All right. I'm all right now. Sorry, doctor, I shouldn't have let myself get out of hand like that. What's that? Call it a day? No. No, please, let me go on. If I don't finish it now I don't think I ever will.

Where was I? Oh yes, the letter. Murchison's letter in the skinny blue envelope that crackled like a fire in my pocket . . .

I've told you how wonderfully I got on with Murchison, how much I liked him and trusted him, but there was one thing about him—just one thing—that never failed to get me on edge. It was his mail.

You know I've no family and almost no friends; certainly not what you'd call real friends. So, you see, no one

ever wrote to me. In all the time I was overseas I never got a letter.

Pathetic, isn't it? But I wonder if you can understand how hard it was? It mightn't have been so bad if it hadn't been for Murchison. He must have had an enormous family and, of course, being what he was, his lady-loves were legion. One out of every 10 young women in England must at one time or other have sat down and written Murchison a letter. Week after week they came, thin ones, fat ones, air-mails and penny postage. It would have made a crooner envious.

ONE DAY, it was about six weeks after the other episode, we were talking together in his billet when the postal orderly came in and handed Murchison his quota. Then the man looked over his shoulder at me. "Nothing for you today, sir," he said. There was a snicker in his voice.

I watched the orderly go out the door, then I wheeled around on Murchison.

"Damn it all, it's not fair!"

He looked up at me, surprised.

"What's not fair, old man?"

"You and your filthy letters. Look at the wad of them and not even a postcard for me! My God, I'd be glad to get a parking ticket, just for something to read!"

Murchison looked embarrassed and mumbled, "Nothing much in 'em, really. Long-winded stuff from aunts and uncles mostly."

"Sell me one."

I don't know where the idea came from. It just flashed into my mind and I said it without thinking. Murchison was looking puzzled.

"What's that you said?"

"I said, sell me one. Look, I'm desperate. I'll give you 50 guilders for one of your letters. Fifty guilders, cash!"

He was pop-eyed with amazement and I could hardly keep from laughing.

"Fifty guilders," I repeated, "twenty Canadian dollars—on the spot. Only I've got to have my choice."

"Bernie, you're crazy! Here, take the lot of them if you want them that much. But I don't get it."

"No, you wouldn't. But I won't take it unless you'll sell. Then it's mine. Bought and paid for. Is it a deal?"

"You're crazy in the head. Fifty guilders for a lousy letter!"

"Is it—"

"Okay, it's a deal. Take your pick."

He picked up the letters and fanned them out like a deck of cards. But first I pulled out the 50 guilders and put them on the table.

I shut my eyes, reached out and grabbed. When I drew my hand back, with the letter in it, it was trembling.

It was a thin blue envelope with a London postmark. The writing was spidery, angular, feminine. I stared at it, crackled it in my hand, then very slowly put it in the pocket of my tunic.

"Well, aren't you going to read it?"

"No, not now. Not just yet."

"Fifty guilders for a letter and he doesn't even read it!"

"You don't understand. This isn't the time or the place . . ."

"But—"

"No, you don't understand, Harry. You just don't understand."

I'm not sure that I understood myself. At least, not just then.

As a matter of fact, I kept it there all day, buttoned in my pocket, rustling when I moved. I kept it all that day, until I was alone on my bunk, with a stub of candle flickering on a biscuit tin beside my head. Then I opened it and read . . . my letter.

FOR THE next two days Murchison didn't say a word about the letter.



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It was Joe's Dad that said, "Son, whether you're a horse or a man, it's the early start that wins the race."

The thought amused young Joe, but it stuck in his mind, too. It pops up especially on those days when he'd like to switch off the alarm clock and catch another forty winks.

He remembered it particularly the day he decided, with his first pay, to invest part of his money with Canada Life. "It's another way of making an early start," he reasoned . . . "If I can set a goal and plan financial security from the beginning, I'll be away ahead in a few years."

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ANSWERS TO

What Do You Remember of 1950?

(See Quiz on Page 25)

1. The nationwide railway strike and the cabinet's decision to recruit a special ground force for Korea.
2. Viscount Alexander of Tunis whose term as Governor-General was extended for a year.
3. Jim Coleman, who writes three columns a week for Canada Wide.
4. Forest fires in northern Alberta sent a 200-mile-wide blanket of smoke drifting across Canada and parts of the U. S.
5. Mary, the Queen Mother; the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire; a needlepoint rug.
6. Albert Guay, whose affair with Marie-Ange Robitaille led to his planting a time-bomb on the plane his wife was taking.
7. There are now nine Supreme Court justices instead of seven and the symbolic woosack wasn't big enough for them.
8. Exercise Sweetbriar, centred around the Alaska Highway.
9. Queen Juliana of the Netherlands; George Drew; Stornaway.
10. They went to New Zealand for the Fourth British Empire Games.
11. The Rimouski fire, only surpassed by the Halifax explosion and fire (1917); the Winnipeg floods when the water rose higher than it had since the Red River flooded in 1826.
12. The Cunard-Donaldson liner, Franconia, ran on a reef off the Isle d'Orleans in the St. Lawrence.
13. Marguerite Bourgeoys, beatified last year.
14. Rickey Sharpe, 12-year-old from Munson, Alta., whose sample of Marquis wheat won the world championship at the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair.
15. The Very Rev. Hewlett Johnson; the "Red Dean" of Canterbury.

Once or twice he looked at me in a funny sort of way, out of the corner of his eye, as if he were going to say something, then shrugged his shoulders and walked away. But Harry wasn't the subtle type; he couldn't pretend for long. On the third day he came out with it:

"By the way, what was in it?" he asked me.

"In what?"

I made a convincing pretence of being dumb.

"In the letter of course!"

"The letter? What letter?"

This was going to be fun.

"The one I sold you. The 50 guilder letter! What was in it?"

"Now Harry," I contrived to look absurdly shocked, "that's not very polite. Have I ever asked you what was in your letters?"

"In my letters? But that *was* my letter!"

"That's right, Harry, it *was* your letter. Until you sold it to me. Then it became *my* letter."

"Oh now, wait a minute!" He was getting red in the face by this time. "You don't mean just because you paid for the thing you're going to be high and mighty about it?"

"That's exactly what I do mean, Harry. I paid for it. Cash on the line. So it's my letter and what was in it is my business."

"Well, of all the darn screwy—Look, Bernie, I'll tell you what. Here's your 50 guilders back; now give me the letter and we'll forget about the whole thing."

"Sorry, but it just won't do, Harry. The money's yours and the letter's mine. We'll keep it that way."

"If it's more money you want, I'll make it a hundred. Fifty clear profit and you can have the letter back when I've read it!"

He went on and on but I held out. I played him till he got tired and quit. Next day he tried again: more money, more promises, but it didn't work. All the money in the world wouldn't have got that letter away from me. Not all the money in the world . . .

WED GONE back up to the front. Farther to the east this time, close to the bank of the river. They were getting ready for the big push—the last big push of the war as it turned out. High Command was yelling for information: information about the ground ahead and about the enemy who were holding it.

It was Jimmy Williams, our company commander, who put it up to us, and when I realized how big it was, and how risky, I felt cold and sick. Two officers on a patrol. I think Williams knew it was my turn but he wasn't sure enough of me; the thing had to go right and he wanted Murchison along just in case.

Jimmy told Murchison and me to take 15 men between us to the bank of the river, then one of us was to take three men and go across while the other stayed on this side with the remaining dozen men as a covering party, ready to put up fire if it was needed. Straightforward enough as far as it went; but, you see, the trouble was that Jimmy didn't say which of us was to go across and which was to stay back. He left that up to us to decide between us.

I volunteered to do it. I don't know why, but somehow I just had to. Of course Murchison wouldn't hear of it. He wanted to go himself. I suppose I knew he would, but I couldn't let him do it—just that way. There was only one way out.

"All right, let's toss for it."

Murchison said it and I knew it was the fairest way. I suddenly felt a knot

yanked tight in the pit of my stomach. I slowly put my hand in my pocket and fished out a coin. Half a guilder, shiny silver, just like a Canadian quarter.

"Winner stays on the bank," Murchison said. "You call."

I said "tails" and the coin flew up, tumbling and flashing in the air. It rang on the table, rolled, whirled around, settling itself. I wanted to shut my eyes and wait till it was still, but I couldn't. I had to watch while the pattern slowly resolved itself.

The good old Queen of the Netherlands.

I could almost swear that the wrinkled face was grinning at me.

"Bad luck."

What . . . ? Oh, Murchison, of course—commiserating with me in his friendly way . . . saying he was sorry I had to go across the river in a rubber boat to where the enemy was waiting.

I waited. It was a long time before Murchison spoke. Then he said very quietly, "I'll make a deal with you."

I looked up quickly.

"A deal? What do you mean? What kind of deal?"

He was smiling very faintly, the corners of his mouth twisted up.

NEXT ISSUE

A Canadian Looks At

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

By Blair Fraser

"I'll buy your trip across the river," I spoke slowly. "Buy my trip? What do you mean? What have I got to give you—?"

"The letter."

My heart stopped beating. I held on tight, and carefully and deliberately said the things I knew I had to say.

"No, I couldn't. That's crazy! Harry, if you want the letter that much, take it. It's all yours, for nothing!"

"I won't take it unless you'll sell. Bought and paid for."

My own words. They came back to me like an echo.

"No, I can't do it. The price, it's too high. Take the letter, Harry!"

But he wasn't listening. You see, he'd found the way out. He couldn't control his curiosity but he wasn't afraid of the Germans. It was a satisfactory bargain. An honorable one. And so in the end he got the letter and went across the river.

Funny how he took it. He stuffed it in the pocket of his tunic, just as I had done. It was a brave gesture.

"If you could wait, so can I," he said. "I'll read it when I get back."

THE NIGHT was cold, a clammy cold that soaked through your clothes and chilled your guts.

They began poking around us with mortars before we ever got to the river but we made it to the dike with no one hit. I lined the men along the bank where we could get a field of fire on the other side, then Murchison collected his three men and started over. He was 10 yards away when I went after him, grabbed him by the arm and whispered to him.

"Harry, I want to go. Forget the

deal. I lost the toss. I want to go . . ."

He didn't say anything, just shrugged me off and went over the bank.

It was a long time before anything happened. We knew he must have got across all right.

Then the firing started. The long rasping snarl of the Spandaus, the slow stutter of the Stens in reply. They were fighting back.

The firing stopped as suddenly as it had started. We waited a long time. Then a grenade went off and the machine guns started up again, much farther back this time. They'd got a long way in. The noise died away gradually. First the Stens were silent while the Spandaus went on chattering. Then everything was still. Thirty minutes . . . forty-five . . . an hour . . . suddenly the gentle splash of paddles in the water. Somebody was coming back . . .

They'd riddled Murchison with bullets but he'd come back on his own feet, stumbling and staggering to the bank of the river, and only allowed himself to die as his men were lowering him into the boat.

The letter was right there in the pocket of his tunic when they brought the body in. I took it out myself.

DOCTOR, you've got to try to see it from my point of view. It wasn't as though I'd killed him to save my own life. It wasn't that at all! I heard the whole story from the boys who brought him back. Murchison needn't have been killed, only he was reckless. You see, doctor, he was killed because he was a reckless fool! Not because of me! I didn't make him buy back the letter . . . I tried to stop him . . . but he wouldn't listen! It was all his own idea . . . it was all his fault . . . it was *his* fault . . .

What? What do you mean, something more? Something I haven't told you? No. There isn't . . . *there isn't!*

What are you trying to do, condemn me? I tell you there isn't anything! It was his fault . . . it was *his* fault.

All right . . . all right. Don't say anything. You're right. There was something . . . something I didn't tell you. Something that didn't seem important . . .

You see, when I put my hand in my pocket to get the coin, there was something else there too. Yes, the letter . . . and I let it fall on the floor in front of him—face up.

Doctor, do you think that's it? Do you think that's why I dream about him . . . see him drifting up to me, all bloody and full of holes . . . and hear him saying over and over again—

"I'll buy your trip across the river . . . I'll buy your trip across the river . . . I'll buy your trip . . ."

WHAT'S that? Oh, the letter. It wasn't much, really. It was from a girl named Elsie. You know the sort of thing: coy and playful, a lot of exclamation marks, bits in brackets . . .

But there was one part I do remember—almost word for word, I think . . .

Darling, how I laughed at that bit about the joke you played on—what was his name—Howell? What a fool the man must be! But Harry, darling, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, really you ought, dressing up like that and frightening the little man to death! Thank heaven he never found out who did it! He'd never have forgiven you. Of course if you only put up with him because of the laughs he gives you, I suppose it really wouldn't have mattered. But darling—What an idiot! What a really priceless fool . . .

The rest? I don't know. You see, that's as far as I could ever hear to read . . . ★

A 20-Cent Dollar?

Continued from page 6

ordered the invasion of South Korea and instantly shattered every economic calculation in America. As the Communists moved down the Korean peninsula the price level moved up in America.

The public probably imagines to this day that the increased cost of living last summer and autumn was due to North American rearmament, that governments were again turning butter into guns, reducing the supply of civilian goods and bidding up prices. Nothing of the sort occurred.

At this writing the rearmament program has hardly begun to touch North American economy. Only a fraction of production is going into guns.

What happened to prices in the summer of 1950 was not economic but hysterical. Fearing war and shortages, businessmen rushed to buy goods for their inventories, housewives rushed to buy every kind of gadget and in this scramble of so-called "anticipatory buying" prices surged up just when economists had expected them to fall.

Meanwhile another thing had happened to pour more gasoline on the fire. In Canada and the U. S. taxes had been drastically reduced since the war. The Canadian Government, with one eye on the danger of a recession and the other on the pending election, had abandoned its anti-inflationary revenue surpluses and slashed the income tax in the spring of 1949. The U. S. Government, with taxes similarly cut, was spending far more money than it was collecting.

When the buying spree of 1950 got under way neither government was collecting enough taxes to drain off excess purchasing power before it could bid up prices.

In Canada still another thing had happened which few Canadians have begun to grasp. Last summer American investors concluded that the Canadian dollar would soon be worth 100 U. S. cents and they started to buy Canadian dollars. Gamblers' money rolling over the border reached \$600 millions in three months—a hemorrhage without historical precedent. The potential money supply of Canada increased automatically by the same amount at a time when the Government's primary aim was to reduce it.

This was unavoidable. When the American brings a U. S. dollar to Canada and buys Canadian investments he must be paid for his dollar with a Canadian dollar. The Government looked around desperately for money to meet these demands, sold off the long-term bonds held by the Bank of Canada (both to raise cash and to keep bond prices from going through the roof), used its accumulated revenue surpluses but still was about \$200 millions short.

Those \$200 millions were created by bank borrowings out of thin air. They were new and extra money. Moreover, money formerly held sterile in the treasury was released to individuals who could spend it later on goods.

At this writing about two thirds of the extra \$600 millions is still in private hands, is not being used to buy goods, but one third is in circulation and is helping to push up prices.

That is how we got where we are now—a postponed inflation after the war, another inflation in the Korean hysteria even before rearmament began and the inflationary pressure of the rearmament program ready to hit next summer.

How bad is all this? At least in economic theory not as bad as you

might think when you pay your grocery bill.

The economists aren't always right about the future but they do know current facts. The best economists agree that the inflationary gap in the U. S.—the excess of money over goods—is only \$10 billions, not a staggering amount in an economy producing nearly \$300 billions.

If economics operated free of human nature it could be argued that the worst inflationary pressure passed last summer in the buying spree, that the armament pressure of next summer will be somewhat less and that before then we may even suffer a mild brief recession and find the cost of living dropping.

This assumption could be correct IF: 1. The U. S. armament program does not rise above the annual cost of \$30 billions which it will reach in six months; 2. Labor unions don't insist on large wage increases which would increase prices; 3. The production of goods is not interrupted by industrial warfare; 4. Governments hold down non-defense expenditures and their own demand for scarce civilian goods; 5. Governments levy taxes to drain off excess public purchasing power; and most important, 6. Another international incident does not set off another buying spree.

There are too many ifs in the theory that the worst has passed. Should any or all of them fail to materialize the real crisis of inflation may be still ahead of us.

Further serious inflation, by causing another unfair capital levy, wage-price spiral and public turmoil, would undermine our morale and our entire defense program, exactly as the Politburo hopes.

Slithering Into Socialism

Obviously we need strong new policies to prevent a slide toward economic chaos. What policies?

The easiest and most popular is a return to wartime controls. Millions of Canadians feel that if prices could be controlled in wartime they can be controlled in peacetime and what is the Government waiting for?

Prices can be controlled in peacetime—for a little while anyway—if we are ready to accept wartime taxes and compulsory savings, scarcities, rationing, frozen wages and frozen jobs, patriotic restraint in buying—a completely regimented and government-managed society.

Actually none of the conditions essential to a price ceiling exists today. American people are not ready for a regimented state. Above all—and this is the fact which could lose us the cold war—they are not ready, voluntarily and individually, for sacrifices and restraints that make a price ceiling work.

That being so, it's absolutely certain that price controls, erected like a dam of tissue paper against the flood, would soon be swept away and engulfed in black markets, law evasion and economic disorder.

We could attempt something still more dangerous. We could attempt to regulate the flood with a system of partial controls which would only shift the pressure to some other price and some other article, force us to impose still more controls until in the end we would have to impose complete controls after prices already had risen. That might be locking the stable door after the horse had fled.

Yet it is toward this course that we in North America appear to be moving.

The Canadian Government is determined to avoid total or partial controls if it can, but the U. S. is slithering

into them day by day while declaring it will do nothing of the sort.

If the U. S. goes that way Canada will almost certainly follow. A desperate and bemused Canadian public, imagining that the U. S. is really controlling inflation, may insist on the Canadian Government doing the same thing. U. S. controls are politically irresistible here.

Unless this slide is soon arrested the American economy, while ostensibly free, will be actually under wartime government controls within a year. And rigid controls seldom succeed in a free society except in actual war, when people will accept them in the clear knowledge that they will soon disappear.

Thus the greatest danger of all is that we shall repeal the free society of America for a temporary emergency when we face in fact years and perhaps decades of cold war; that, having established a totalitarian economy under the name of democracy, we shall be unable to liquidate it in 10 or 20 years when everything and everybody is geared to it.

That would be the highest irony of all history—a free society going forth to struggle for freedom against tyranny and adopting under other labels the economic system of its enemy. At this prospect—now facing us—the Politburo doubtless is breaking out its best barrel of vodka.

Such a travesty can be avoided only by the concerted efforts of individual people like the readers of this magazine. It will not be avoided by democratic governments which do only what the public demands. Left to themselves, governments will take the easy course. If costs rise high enough they won't dare to levy the taxes needed but will finance—as they financed the last war—by printing more money. They will create more inflation and attempt to disguise or postpone it by outright or by creeping controls.

If that is to be avoided, public purchasing power will have to be kept down somehow to the level of production.

Since all governments—federal, provincial and municipal—have too much purchasing power and are huge consumers of our goods, they must reduce non-defense expenditures.

Since such reductions, while helpful, will not be nearly enough for our purpose, taxes will have to be drastically increased (perhaps with compulsory savings as well) to reduce spending power and upward pressure on prices.

Since low interest rates encourage people to borrow and spend excessively, the going rates may have to be increased, even though that would raise the cost of servicing the public debt.

Since too easy credit encourages people to buy excessively on the installment plan, consumer credit may have to be curbed still further.

All these fiscal weapons are at hand but the Government cannot use all or any of them without our consent as consumers and voters.

If as consumers we demand more goods than the system can produce we shall bid up prices no matter what the Government does to hold them down.

If as voters we resist taxes and disagreeable curtailments in civilian government services we shall prevent the Government from using any weapons at all.

And if we imagine that we can arm ourselves to the point of safety (which is years away yet) and still enjoy as many goods as ever; if we try to have our cake and eat it; if our hands continue, in Lloyd George's phrase, to drip with the fat of sacrifice—if we are not ready to pay the price of freedom then assuredly we shall lose it. ★



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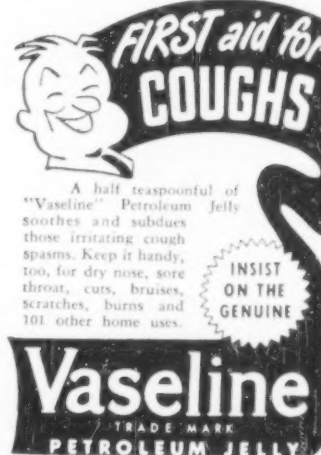
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**POPS SO EASY AND
TASTES SO GOOD**
JOLLY TIME POP CORN

Here's What's Happened To Your Buck

Continued from page 7

since shelter controls were softened late in '49.

The leap in meat, which often takes up 35-40% of a family's food money, has been chiefly responsible for your dollar's poor showing in a food store these days. The four meat items in the Hamilton market basket now cost 13% more than in '49.

At the moment you can buy about as much clothing and furniture with your dollar as in 1949, and go to the movies, have teeth pulled and enjoy similar services about as often.

The tables of expenditures on page seven show where the average family's money goes. These charts are based on a survey started in 1948 by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics which got 4,200 families to list in detail their expenses that year down to the last pack of tobacco and bar of soap. I have brought these reports up to date for 1950 by enlarging each expense item to account for the price rises since 1948. For example, the food expense has been enlarged to reflect the percentage rise in the cost of food since '48, the clothing bill has been increased four per cent, etc.

This is not a recommended budget but a list of typical expenditures. That's why you see, "Fuel, \$81." A renting family may pay nothing for fuel; a home-owner, about \$125 a year. It's merely the average.

The actual average rent paid by families who did rent was \$295, plus \$8 a year for repairs by the tenant. (These again are DBS figures.) That's about \$25 a month, or with the recent increases, about \$28. That figure may irritate families who pay a lot more but the fact is, about 60% of the people still pay less than \$33 a month rent.

On \$5,000 You Save \$500

The average family covered by the DBS survey had total income of \$2,701 in '48, of which \$2,283 was from employment. The other \$418 is what it collected from such non job sources as family allowances, pensions, insurance proceeds, the inheritance from the great-aunt in South Johannesburg, etc.

It might strike you that the \$2,781 the family spent that year is \$80 more than it took in. That's not sleight of hand, but what the economists call "dissaving." It means a family draws on savings or goes into debt for an installment purchase. In some cases it's planned dissaving; during the war and immediate postwar periods families put by money for washers, cars and other goods not then available. Widespread dissaving recently is one of the reasons for higher prices.

Note that there aren't any savings at all in the typical family budget, except in the shape of insurance premiums and contributions to pension plans. The survey disclosed the surprising fact that few families with incomes of less than \$4,000 did any cash saving, even in 1948 when living was cheaper. Those with over \$5,000 saved about \$500 a year.

Expenditures for a higher-income family shown in the chart are based partly on information uncovered by the DBS, and by other surveys of family spending. These aren't an average for families in the \$6,000 bracket, but merely representative expenses these days in that bracket. Families in the \$6,000 class spend a strikingly larger amount for recreation and education. They spend a lot more



for food too, but it's still a smaller percentage of income than the eating tab for moderate-income families.

The average moderate-income family spends about \$4 per person a week on food, the survey indicates, just about the minimum for adequate meals in a large city today, judging from budgets worked out by the Montreal Diet Dispensary and the Welfare Council of Greater Toronto.

The \$540 for transportation in the higher-income family's expenditures includes the cost of a car. Families in the government survey who owned cars paid on an average of \$896 for them and spent \$256 a year to keep them moving.

The taxes shown are chiefly federal income taxes. They don't include excise, business and other indirect taxes a consuming family ultimately finds included in the prices of the goods and services.

The proportion of total taxes to the total national production is about 22%. Lower income families, of course, pay a lower percentage than that, high income families a higher percentage.

Because of two rudimentary factors—larger armaments programs and the tendency of any large nation like the U. S. to "export" its own inflation—it's possible to make a reasonable guess at what 1951 may do to the general pattern of prices. If supplies narrow across the border you can expect to see U. S. buyers waving their dollars in Canada as they did last year. It may cost still more to import goods from the States. Fuel for your house and your car, cotton clothing, nylons and some of your vegetables may be affected.

You can probably anticipate that goods containing steel, wool, rubber, tin and other metals will cost more in 1951. Your breakfast coffee isn't likely to drop in price. These are all items for which there's strong world-wide demand and in skimpy supply.

Higher prices for suits, coats, shoes and some cotton items have already been scheduled for next spring. There's a severe world deficit of raw wool on which prices soared 40-50% in the past year. A suit will probably cost \$5 more next spring and retailers expect suits will go up again next fall. The cost of cotton clothing is being nudged up by a short cotton crop in the U. S.

and by general shortage, fears and speculative tendencies.

You can expect continued high prices for food. Meat looks more reasonable at the moment, because the heaviest marketings of hogs and steers are in fall and winter. But next summer, when supplies dwindle seasonally, the butcher's price tags will again be frightening.

Recent moves to rein the widespread dissaving, such as new requirements for a 33% down payment on purchases of cars, and 20% down on other goods, will help hold prices on some merchandise like used autos, at least temporarily.

There's one loophole in the credit curbs. Some people now borrowing from banks and loan companies for such purported reasons as doctor bills actually use the cash for merchandise on which credit has been shortened. A lender can have a borrower sign a statement that he won't use the cash for restricted merchandise, but there's no way to prevent it.

When you're facing higher prices it's supposed to be clever to turn cash into goods, even go into debt so you can pay back later with, say, 48-cent dollars.

There are shoals in that channel. For one thing, no one knows the ultimate size of rearmament. If it's held down or tugs, prices may sink. You could be stuck with extra shoes and shirts bought at high prices. (In the U. S., where the rush to beat shortages last summer reached panic proportions, one woman bought three electric refrigerators. She wanted a fourth, but the dealer refused to sell it to her.) And people who go into debt to beat price rises often find they pay out more in interest charges on their loans or installment purchases than they saved by buying ahead. Most important, widespread panic buying to beat price rises helps bring them about sooner—and bigger.

There are certain policies a family can adopt to protect the buying power of its beat-up dollars. Even in a period of rising prices, merchants and producers have legitimate sales which help to anticipate your needs. A retailer may realize coats will be more expensive next winter but he can't carry over broken assortments of sizes and colors. Businessmen sometimes build over-large inventories and must cut prices to get cash, which offers buying opportunities even in an inflation. During an inflation it's important to make sure anything you buy is well-made and simply styled. Simple designs are less likely to go out of date, and more of your money goes into actual good construction.

These are weapons for battling inflation in your own home. And don't try to run away from it all. If you go to Mexico, for example, you'll find the cost of living has gone up 250% in the last decade. ★

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By—Miller (page 2), Nott and Merrill (7), National Defense (8), Lloyd Brown (8, 9), Robert Fort (12), B. C. Archives (13), Ken Bell (14, 15), 20th Century Fox (18), Harry Filion (18), Universal-International (19), RKO (19), Columbia (19), Gilbert A. Milne (20, 21, 22), Miller (20).

Thinks McManus Exposé Should be in Pamphlet

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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

IT WAS in the confectionery corner of a Toronto department store one day during the Christmas madness that a particularly harassed-looking woman shopper, hat slightly askew, was seen tapping a 50-cent



piece angrily on the glass counter and heard shouting in shrill tones, "Who waits on the nuts?"

The Calgary motorist had just been chilled by the sound of a motor cycle cop's siren, had pulled over to the side of the road, had submitted silently to a dressing down and a speeding ticket, and had just got under way again—when the siren's wail pierced his soul a second time. This time his knuckles went white as he gripped the wheel to keep control of himself and asked grimly, "Well—what is it now?"

"My gloves," explained the cop casually, waving the leather gauntlets under the motorist's nose, as he straddled his bike again. "Left them on your rear bumper while I was writing that ticket."

Domestic harmony reeled at an unexpected thrust in thousands of Winnipeg homes one night a while ago as wives flung themselves into the arms of homecoming husbands only to draw back sniffing suspiciously. You can't fool a woman when you walk in the door smelling of a strange perfume and many a dinner grew cold before hubby discovered he had the explanation right in his evening paper—an advertisement for "a fabulous fragrance, Desert Flower . . . so exciting we've even perfumed this page with it!"

Since he went to Italy on a Rotary Foundation scholarship, a University of British Columbia grad from Kelowna has been writing a series of articles on life abroad for his home-town paper. Out to see a colorful parade in Rome on an occasion when the Pope was to issue a special proclamation the B. C. lad spotted a vacant seat in a balcony overlooking the route of the procession. However, when he fumbled

through his pockets for the Press pass provided him by the Kelowna Courier he couldn't find it at all. For a moment it looked like he'd have to shimmy up a lamp post if he was to see anything, for the crowd jam was terrific, but then his hand closed on his Canadian gasoline credit card. Flashing this under the nose of a guard with a curt "Giornalista" (Press) he mounted nonchalantly to his box seat.

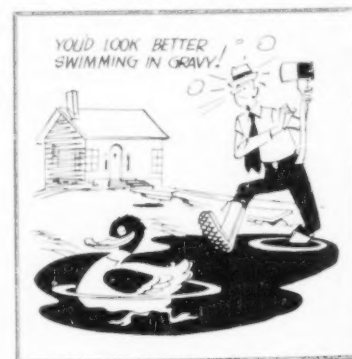
We know one business executive living in the suburbs of Toronto who now believes there's something in this efficiency-expert guidance.

For years he had worn his old boots walking from the house to the car, carrying his shoes and changing in the car. This particular morning he had an appointment to meet two efficiency experts. He didn't realize until he reached his office that he had forgotten to pick up his shoes. Determined not to display this lamentable lack of efficiency he sent his secretary out to buy him a new pair. She did—for \$25.

He barely had time to make his appointment and breathed a sigh of relief until he glanced at his engagement pad. The efficiency experts weren't due until the next day.

Like a lot of other places Red Deer, Alta., is growing faster than the public works department can get the roads and sewers in, but fortunately the works foreman has the right touch for turning away the wrath of inconvenienced taxpayers. One of these collared him on main street recently to demand, "What are you and council going to do about that ove grown pond in front of my house where the road's supposed to be?"

"Oh, that," exclaimed the works



man. "Council held a special meeting on it, Ernie, and it's all been settled. We're going to buy you a duck."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

The Canadian Family owes much to...Belgium



FOR OVER two centuries, Canada has been the land of opportunity to settlers from almost every country in the world. Much of our strength and vitality stems from this blending of racial and cultural heritages.

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Gallant Belgium, whose poppy-carpeted fields of Flanders hold tender memories for many Canadians, has sacrificed much in the cause of freedom. Comprising two

distinct racial groups — the Flemings and the Walloons — she has given many of her sturdy sons to Canada.

Among them have been many distinguished figures in Canadian arts and sciences. The majority, however, specialize in agriculture and have done much to stimulate tobacco-growing in Ontario and Quebec. In the mid-west many have become successful dairymen.

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